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WARD, Edward
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THE WOODEN WORLD DISSECTED:

IN THE CHARACTER OF A SHIP OF WAR:

As alſo, The

CHARACTERS of all the OFFICERS,

From the

CAPTAIN to the Common Sailor;

VIZ.

I. A Sea-Captain.
II. A Sea-Lieutenant.
III. A Sea-Chaplain.
IV. The Maſter of a Ship of War.
V. The Purſer.
VI. The Surgeon.
VII. The Gunner.
VIII. The Carpenter.
IX. The Boatſwain.
X. A Sea-Cook.
XI. A Midſhipman.
XII. The Captain's Stewaid.
XIII. A Sailor.

By the AUTHOR of the LONDON-SPY.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

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To all whom it may concern,

GREETING.

Worſhipful and no Worſhipful

GENTLEMEN,

YOU all know, that ſcarce can a Royal Ship be ſooner built and launched from the ſtocks, but ſtreight we have ten thouſand pictures of her drawn and diſperſed round the Iſland by ſome or other topping dawber of ſign-poſts.

But never yet, I think, has one bold hand attempted to delineate thoſe more noble internal parts, that give this ſtupendous wooden animal all its various motions; a taſk much more elevated, difficult, and profitable, than the other.——

Now I, Gentlemen, being bound by I don't know how many tyes, have offer'd at this moſt glorious enterprize, not out of any bye-ends of gaining your worſhips good word (when an occaſion offers), but purely to advance and blow about your fame, and your moſt remarkable excellencies.

I never durſt flatter myſelf with the beſotted hopes of drawing you correctly; all I did, or could propoſe, was, by this rough draught of my untutor'd pencil, to excite ſome renowned worthy to do you juſtice, and draw you all perfect as you are; which will certainly give infinite ſatisfaction to your zealous ſervant, that wiſhes you, gentlemen, with all his ſoul, as perfectly known to our illuſtrious hero, and the whole nation, as you are to him, who is,

GENTLEMEN,

Your real Friend,

and faithful Servant,

Manly Plain-dealer.

THE

Character of a SHIP of WAR.

IT is a wooden world, fabricated by the frail hand of man, and yet is of a more firm contexture than the great one, if we may believe old ſages, who tell us, that this would drop to pieces, if but one atom only was wanting; whereas our wood-creation holds firm together, when battered worſe than a bawdy-houſe.

It is Noah's ark improved to the beſt advantage, with all the tame beaſts garbled out, that hate the ſmell of gun-powder.

It is a floating caſtle, or airy fortreſs rather, being governed by the motions of the wind, and flies ſo far, that no bird in nature, but a woodcock, can hold way with it.

It is the moſt admirable ſwimming contrivance that ever mortal thought brought forth, for the ruin of all that long for it; as far ſurpaſſing both in deſign and ſucceſs, the *quondam* bawdy-houſe on the Thames, as St. Paul's church doth Doctor Burges's conventicle.

It is the great bridge of the ocean, conveying over to all habitable places death, pox, and drunkenneſs; and brings back, in return, all the foreign vices that we are ſtrangers to in our own country.

It is the great wooden horſe of nature, for the accommodation of all ſuch as want to ride in poſt-haſte from one world to the other.

It is the ſovereign of the aquatic globe, giving deſpotic laws to all the meaner fry, that live upon that ſhining empire.

It is the New-Bridewell of the nation, where all the incorrigible raſcals are ſent, to wear out ropes, and make more work for the hempen whores in London.

It is the Chriſtian ſanctuary of nonſolvent debtors, and unfortunate whoremaſters, who are no leſs ſecured here than miſcreants of old at the horns of the altar.

It is Old Nick's academy, where the ſeven liberal ſciences of ſwearing, drinking, thieving, whoreing, killing, couzening, and backbiting, are taught to full perfection.

It is the mighty guardian of our iſland, defending us all around from foreign dangers, as watchfully as a maſtiff does an orchard.

It is the grand patron of all mechanic traders, by ſinking and deſtroying one half of their manufactures, to bring the other half to a good market.

It is the grand benefactor to ſhipping and ſailors, by eaſing them of part of their cargo, that they may the better run from danger, and taking care of their men when the toilſome voyage is over.

It is the illuſtrious emblem of vain man, who fancies himſelf immortal in his children, becauſe they are called by his name; when, God knows, they have ſcarce one inch of timber of the fabric they are chriſtened by, the new Sovereign being no more the old one, than a cabbage is a horſe, becauſe ſprung from horſe-dung.

In

In fine, it is Belzebub's grand arſenal, where you meet ſo much tumult, thunder, fire and ſmoak, ſometimes, that Old Nick himſelf cannot know which way to turn himſelf.

Here lies all the infernal engines that caſt forth Lucifer's thunder-bolts; ranged in rows, like the ſurgeon's gally-pots; and hard it is to tell which of either doth the moſt execution; what the firſt miſſeth, the other makes ſure of, and both together ſend more poor ſouls to the devil, than the very devils themſelves do. Hence we may infer too, that it is old Charon's plague, ſending him more at once, than he can turn his hands to, and puts him upon the modern invention of rafting the poor ſouls aſtern, like water-caſks.

Some compare her to a commonwealth, and carry the allegory from the vane down to the keelſon, and from his worſhip the captain as low as the very ſwabber. But that ſage hit it beſt undoubtedly, who compared a ſhip to a woman.

Not for that both are of the female gender; not for that ſhe is very apt to be leaky; not for that her pump-dale ſmells ſtrongeſt when ſhe has the ſoundeſt bottom; but chiefly becauſe her rigging, and fitting forth, is always worth double her carcaſs.

She is commonly in her diſhabille, till the time ſhe appears at Spithead, and there ſhe looks more charming than a painted whore in a ſide-box.

To this grand rendezvous of wooden beauties, come oft-times fat country 'ſquires, led by the ſame curioſity that draws them to the Tower in term-time, to ſee his Majeſty's wild beaſts.

Nor do ladies diſdain to pay viſits hither, when Epſom and the Bath are out of ſeaſon, for variety is the happineſs of life; and oft have they found

by experience, that the heaving and ſetting in a man of war, is much more efficacious than ſpaw-water.

To give one general definition of the inhabitants of this wooden wonder, is difficult, becauſe they belong to various regions, there being as many graduated manſions in her, as is betwixt us and the empyreal heaven; they can't be all fleſh, that is certain, becauſe many of them live under water; and yet, though they both eat and ſleep there, they have no more gills than an oyſter.

They are a ſtrange generation of mortals, that is certain; for they feed and ſleep in their ſhell, like worms in a nut; and the more they eat, ſtill the more they enlarge their quarters.

They are ten times more populous than a Dutch commonwealth, and have a thouſand times leſs of their own growth to live upon; and yet the States General, God bleſs them, ſcoff not much better than they do.

In fine, they are the chaff of the world, being toſs'd here and there by every blaſt that bloweth. When they walk, they ſwing their corps like a pendulum, and believe it the moſt upright ſteady motion. They are ſure to walk firm, where all other creatures tumble; and ſeldom can keep their legs long, when they get upon *Terra firma*.

I have kept you thus ſtaring without board, purely till the captain be ready to receive us: Let us enter now a God's name, and ſee what a reception his honour will give.

The

The Character of a SEA-CAPTAIN.

HE is a Leviathan, or rather a kind of ſea-god, whom the poor tars worſhip as the Indians do the devil, more through fear than affection; nay, ſome will have it, that he is more a devil than the devil himſelf.

Old Nick has ſo much conſcience, ſay they, as to allow all his ſlaves their hire, nay, and lets them many times poſſeſs more than their due dividend of human enjoyments: But this ruler of the roaſt has ſo little Chriſtian honeſty, as to force the ſailors not only to work, watch, and fight, but even ſtarve too, for his ſole advantage; puts them upon a thouſand extra ſervices, and works of ſupererogation, and afterwards ſends them to the devil for a reward, if they but barely offer to aſk one.

His extraction is not from the dunghill, that is certain; for his dad, in a drunken frolick, begot him at ſea; and thence comes his eager inclination to wine and gunpowder ever after.

Though it is commonly ſaid of him, that he is better fed than taught, yet he fully makes up the poverty of his education, with that of his endowments; for he is commonly a man of many talents; he relies far more upon theſe than book-knowledge, and accounts all literature very impertinent, that tends not directly to the doubling of a penny.

The great cabin is the *ſanctum ſanctorum* he inhabits; from this all mortals are excluded by a marine, with a brandiſh'd ſword, who guards this bird of paradiſe as watchfully as the centries do the geeſe in St. James's Park.

Sometimes a humble ſupplicant is admitted to the threſhold, uſher'd in by the barber, the maſter of his ceremonies; and while this poor mendicant addreſſes him with fear and trembling, this ſon of Boreas (that he might not daunt the creature too much) looks round, and turns his ſternpoſt directly upon him.

It muſt be a great change of weather indeed, when he deigns to walk the quarter-deck; for ſuch a proſtitution of his preſence, he thinks, weakens his authority, and makes his worſhip leſs reverenced by the ſhip's crew.

Here he is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from all beſides; for his ſteps bear proportion with the height of his poſt, ſtalking along with grave ſtate, like the ghoſt in the Libertine.

Upon his firſt popping up, the lieutenants ſheer off to the other ſide, as if he was a ghoſt indeed; for 'tis impudence for any to approach him within the length of a boat-hook.

By this ſervile obeiſance, one would fancy him ſome conſtellation dropt from the clouds, or that at leaſt he was monarch of far more territories, than ever he touched at in all his voyagings.

He fulfils to a tittle the never-failing proverb, *Set a beggar on horſeback, and he'll ride to Peg Crancum's;* for being once mounted his wooden ſteed, there is no ſtopping his career, for he makes every thing ſheer before him.

He is an everlaſting admirer of that old ſaying, *Familiarity breeds contempt;* which he takes in ſo extenſive a ſenſe, that he allows no diſtinction betwixt an officer and a ſwabber; exacting infinitely more ceremony from his lieutenant, than he will allow to God Almighty.

In fine, looking all around, and ſeeing his ſpot of

of territory incircled with ſalt-water, he fancies himſelf as great a prince as the prince of Great Britain.

This pride of his is the only ſea-ſickneſs that he is plagued with, and which intoxicates him to that degree, that he neither knows himſelf, nor others; but it holds him no longer than while he's aboard. Remove him aſhore once, and his brains grow ſettled, and he becomes your humble ſervant in an inſtant.

He projects more trifling innovations in his ſhip, than a ſhop politician does in the ſtate; nothing he believes was ever rightly done, till he took place; and yet they that know him better than he does himſelf, won't allow him to be an inch better man than thoſe that flouriſh'd in honeſt Van Tromp's days.

Theſe were the days when Plain Dealing reigned, when Manly and Freeman lived like friends together, and merit ſhined with luſtre, more than gold; but now the purſe-proud Captain looks aſquint on all that chance has placed below him.

Formerly a well-mann'd ſide, with one officer alone, was thought a ſufficient token of reſpect; but now every officer muſt run at midnight to receive their chief, tho' he comes aboard as drunk as a beggar. What can we expect leſs in the ſucceeding year, than that his great proxy, the firſt lieutenant, attend his waters purely to prevent an Interregnum? For ſome, God knows, have had the unhappy fate to part with their Sir— and their lives together.

He complies with his printed inſtructions as preciſely as the chaplain does with the rules of the goſpel. His will is a law, that is certain, and

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it is his will to act contrary to law; for who dare say to him, *What doeſt thou?*

But how abſolute ſoever his command is abroad, he has a check-mate at home, that oft-times raiſes ſuch a hurricane as to drive him from his moorings; and then it is a hundred to one if he can bring up before he ſplit his reputation upon Cuckcolds-point, or elſewhere.

And truly the hero fears her more than a ſtorm. Many a hecatomb of humble prayers does he offer to appeaſe this petticoat deity; nay, and never fails to bring her every now and then from afar, ſome valuable toy or other, in hopes to keep her a faithful turtle in his abſence; but ſhe, alas! is no ſuch doleful bird, but a woman; and cannot but think him a very inhuman creature, to put her upon ſo unconſcionable a lent, as to faſt a whole ſummer's expedition.

How fond ſoever he appears of his dear duck's company, he makes no tireſome ſtay with her; for after the honey-moon is over, he pretends preſſing orders from the board; ſo taking his laſt farewel, he leaves her in the ſudds, and ſtreight makes an elopement to Spithead again; but the parſon, or ſome kind neighbour in the pariſh, hearing of her ſolitary circumſtances, very chriſtianly endeavours to ſtop up all gaps of diſcontent betwixt them,

His flight from England he takes in the ſpring, and you ſeldom ſee him more till the coming in of woodcocks; and oft-times it laſts much longer.

Tho' he is but a very ſorry horſeman, yet he is mightily given to the chaſe; but how eager ſoever he ſhews himſelf in purſuing the game, he always takes great care *to look before he leaps.*

Hence it is, that he is never without a ſwing-

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ing large ſpy-glaſs, which yet one would fancy to be no good one, becauſe his honour is very often found to ſee double through it.

The firſt thing he peeps at, thro' his truſty ſpy-all, is, the chaſe's port-holes; if ſhe is well ſtock'd with theſe in his apprehenſion, he won't look twice; for friend or enemy, ſhe is a ſcurvy ſight at a diſtance, and it is no wiſdom to venture within reach of his own eyes, becauſe Tartars are ſwift-footed.

He is a great admirer of a fleet ſailor, and had rather have a good runner, than a ſhip of great force; for if he can't take, he can leave, and there is no honour loſt, if he but come off with his bacon; ſo that willingly he would fall in with none but merchant ſhips; all beſides is dry meat, and very unpalatable to a man that has his quick ſenſes.

If ſhe loom to his wiſh, he is as briſk as bottled ale, and flies at her with all the ſail he can pack; and fain would he have you fancy, that he ſhews his much courage by his much crowding; but the boatſwain perhaps will mutter you under the roſe, it is the trick of a hound to be yare at hares only.

The truth is, he generally looks as fierce and eager as a tyger purſuing a deer; but if when he has got a-breaſt of his enemy, he finds, that ſhe is better fleſh'd than he thought for, the Belle-Air unfortunately then deſerts him, and you may fairly read his apprehenſions in his very countenance.

He has a rare hand at playing away his lieutenants upon hair-brain'd enterprizes; for he is as prodigal as the devil of other mens blood, when money is in the way, and always makes uſe of a lieutenant's paw to draw it out of danger; for though it is mighty common with him to quit the ſhip, without leave, for a good dinner, yet he makes

makes it an indiſpenſible law, never to ſtep forth when danger calls him.

So he deputes for his proxy ſome numbſkulled officer, whom he moſt eſteems; and to demonſtrate his kind love the more, he ſtrips him of all, when the prey is took, that the world may not think, that the young 'ſquire's courage was mercenary.

If any of the meaner fry ſhall gape for their proper ſhare, he will be ſure to mark that villain out for a mutineer in thought, and ſit like pitch on his ſkirts for ever after.

Thus, tho' he have not one hand in the taking, he will be ſure to have both in the diſpoſing of a prize. The king allots him three parts in eight for his ſingular hazards, and he grants himſelf the other five, to prevent fooliſh fractions and diviſions.

Now, fools that give not themſelves the liberty to think, would fancy all this to have ſomewhat of knavery in it; whereas in him it is a digeſted thought of prudence; for to divide the ſpoil (will he ſay), were but every tar a crown, whereas all in a lump, it is a pretty round ſum, worth any gentleman's keeping; but ſhould a half-ſtarved ſailor ſharp a pair of old ſhoes from him, he would ſurely drub the pilfering cur to death for it.

Thus the wretched ſhip's crew, that ſweat and fight for bread, get ſcarce the very huſk, whilſt he runs away with the flower of the cargo, and epicurizes his pocky carcaſs for ever after.

But ſometimes he meets with a gruff ſubaltern, that ſnarls at his rapacious ſtomach, and by the help of a board, makes him take up with Doctors-Commons; which brings the monſter down again to his due proportion.

Gold

Gold has a far more powerful virtue over him, than the loadſtone has upon the ſea-compaſs; which, tho' ever ſo well touched, will often point from its true pole; whereas this precious *Flower-de-luce* for ever looks directly to the groat-planet, in ſpite of all three-penny changes whatſoever.

Hence, if he be not damnably rich, 'tis none of his fault, for he boggles at no imaginary quick-ſands that may lie in his way; nay, ſuch a hungry ſhark is he, that you would ſwear he had neither ſenſe or taſte of infamy. In fine, this famous man of war is of ſuch an unaccountable work-manſhip, that four ounces of Vigo duſt ſhall weigh him down more, than four ton of honeſty. Batter him with gold once, and he ſhall ſtrike inſtantly to the moſt ſcandalous articles that hell can offer.

Thus he is always more intent upon cramming his bags, than filling the ſailors bellies; if they ſtarve, 'tis no matter; it is but preſſing for more at home, and he has them; but ſometimes he comes many leagues ſhort of his reckoning, for through want of hands to work her, the ſhip is loſt in a ſtorm, and ſo his worſhip goes with all his ill-got wealth to the devil.

Cheating, he believes the pure effect of a long head, and is as much ſcandalized to find any in his ſhip outwitting him at that game. Bubling, he ſays, is the reſult of ſound reaſoning, and he that dares not be a raſcal upon a fair occaſion, he is ſure dare do nothing.

Generoſity, he reckons as unaccountable as the extravagant tricks of knight-errantry; and human compaſſion, to be little better than a human frailty. He can no way credit the ſtory of Alexander's throwing the cup of water from him, before the face of his periſhing army; for his part,

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he had rather ſee the whole fleet parched up like touchwood, for want of water, than his waſherman ſhould be ſtinted any way; nay, ſo incredibly extravagant is he ſometimes, as to waſh his cabin with freſh water, when the ſhip's company want it to allay the burning heat of their ſalt victuals, and hard labour. Whoever ſtarves, his ſheep and hogs, to be ſure, muſt live at full allowance. Thus, though he be no water-drinker himſelf, he deſtroys an hundred times more than thoſe that have nothing beſides to live on.

But, pardon me, I am far from drawing him a downright reprobate; for all the world knows, that he has ſome good works hanging about him; he has ſo much Chriſtian charity as to make wills for unfortunate inteſtates, that wanted time to do it for themſelves, and compaſſionately eſpouſes the intereſt of all thoſe poor ſouls that die abroad without any friends or relations, by generouſly owning them to have been his ſervants, and having, upon the advice of his learned council in Black-Fryars, forged their indentures and names; by the virtue of it receiving their pay, and very carefully ſecures it for them till they come to call for it.

The purſer would be a rich knave, but for him and the rats together; but he will by no means let that rogue play his pranks on board, except he pay him ſoundly for a licence; and truly that projector is as good an annuity to him, as a firſt rate bawdy-houſe is to a Middleſex juſtice.

Theſe two often join loggerheads together, and broach more pernicious contrivances, to the detriment of the ſhip, than ever London vintners did to the ruin of honeſt topers.

He often applauds the wiſdom of the Dutch, in letting

letting their ſhips be wholly victualled by their captains; and ſwears, that did we but introduce the like among us, it would quite clear the fleet of the ſcurvy.

One ſo ſollicitous about other people's healths cannot be unmindful of his own, to be ſure; and truly he is ſo very cheary of it, that he ſometimes outlives his commiſſion by it; for he had rather part with his ſhip, than come within the poſſibility of a Weſt-India ſickneſs; and yet, in ſpite of all his providence, the poor tars that go, live to piſs on his grave a twelvemonth after.

He feaſts his brother captains out of pure good huſbandry, for they club dinners by turns; and that nothing may be loſt, the fragments are gather'd to make up a ſupper, and ſo cheat both the dogs and the ſervants.

His diſhes are not many, but very well ſeaſon'd; yet nothing gives ſo great a reliſh to his palate, as the hard allowance of his ſhip's crew. It is an unſpeakable titillation to one of his conſtitution, to ſee every day ſo many hundred poor ſouls, that would reckon it a bleſſing to have but one ſavoury ſmell at his fleſh-pots.

He never wants for two ſorts of liquors, the good and the bad; the firſt is reſerved for the ſole uſe of the beſt perſon at the table, and that is himſelf to be ſure; as for the other, you ſhan't want enough of it, and that to be ſure unſophiſticated with the other.

He diſtributes his dead hogs and ſheep as he does his caſt apparel, among his followers, who, by their eating, ſeem to fancy it ſomewhat divine, becauſe killed by the hand of providence; and truly they may thank providence for it, which elſe had been ſpent all at their maſter's table.

Once a moon, perhaps, he invites ſome marine lieutenant to taſte of his bounty; but the poor gentleman finds his dinner beſtowed rather as a charity, than an honourable entertainment; for, upon his entry, he finds him aforehand ſeated at table, with as ſtiff an air as if he expected your coming to kiſs his toe; for no pope on earth can look greater. Down you ſit along with this dumb God; who ſhews what you are to do next, by firſt helping himſelf; if you don't follow, you may faſt, for, by Neptune, he won't aſſiſt you. Thus you ſit as mute as a fiſh, or a bawd at an evening-lecture, till his worſhip has finiſhed; and then he riſes firſt; you may ſtay, or follow him, if you pleaſe, but not into the cabbin, but upon deck, and there you may walk and digeſt both your meat and your reception. But who would not curſe his haughty ſenſeleſs vanity, that makes a gentleman pay dearer for his ſorry commons than ever Pontac chalked up to a fortunate club of city cuckolds? A ſervile conſtraint being much more reſented by a generous ſoul than a deep reckoning.

He never deigns to diſcourſe at table with any below a Brother-captain, and then the grand text they hold forth upon, is the behaviour of their lieutenants whoſe reputation they worry more greedily than their victuals; but ſometimes their villainous reflexions take wind, and then ten to one but their bullet-heads compound for the lapſes of their tongues.

View but his muſter-books, and you'll, by their rates, fancy his men the ſtouteſt fellows in the navy; but view them on the deck, and Lord! what a herd of animals you'll behold! At every tenth call, perhaps you may tally down a ſailor.

What

What diſcouragement gives not this to right-bred tars from entering volunteers, where they find a ſcoundrel taylor, or raſcally barber, meet with ten times better entertainment, and never touch a rope for it?

If he is allow'd a ſcore or two of ſervants, for the greater encouragement to navigation, he's ſure to pick up a ſcum that are good for nothing, that they may coſt him next to nothing in the keeping.

Theſe he often puts into the King's livery, and makes him pay for the ſtuff, to avoid the penalty; but more often he covers this wretched blackguard with white canvas, that the lice may want good footing.

A few he has of a higher form, whom he calls his menial retinue; theſe, tho' juſt pick'd off from a taylor's ſhop-board, are rated able on his ſhip's books. Thus he has every thing at free coſt, from a ſteward down to a ſhoe-wiper. When theſe are once initiated within the ſteerage, they are like ſacred devotees, for ever after debarred profaning their hands with ropes or tar-buckets.

He ſpends a deal of puzzling thought upon his boat's crew, and racks his invention about their equipment; if he hit upon any new maggot in their caps or coats, he is prouder of his ingenuity than a firſt-rate taylor, when his ſpan-new faſhion takes at St. James's. He had much rather ſee his cock-ſwain in a clean ſhirt than his lieutenant, and believes a kittiſol a nobler piece of magnificence than a good table.

He has a mortal averſion to your merchant-ſhip captains, not purely for their preſumptuous aſſumption of his proper title, but out of an old grudge; for he can't yet ſhake off the remem-

brance of thoſe many dry blows he received when cabin-boy to old Gruff of Wapping.

Yet his averſion is not ſo invincible, but it may be ſurmounted by a weighty preſent upon a homeward bound voyage; and he takes their offering with as much ſupercilious ſtate, as an eaſtern monarch, or Weſt-India vice-roy.

His lieutenants are his great eye-ſore, becauſe they alone lay pretenſions to gentility, a thing that alarms him more than a lighted pipe in a powder-room. He uſes them with much ſtricter ſeverity, conſidering their ſtation, than he does the louſy crew; he tops upon them like a yard-arm, to depreſs them the lower on the other ſide.

The plain truth is, 'tis ſomewhat better being his dog, or his monkey, than his ſubaltern, for he makes a hail fellow of theſe upon his quarter-deck, whilſt he keeps all beſides at a ſurly diſtance.

But ſometimes he has the good luck to meet with a very complaiſant fellow, that will fetch and carry like Tray, and ſuffer himſelf to be bubbled, and rid like an aſs, with thankfulneſs. This is the officer he has ſo long wiſhed for; this he cries up for a paramount lieutenant, and juſt ready ripe for a captainſhip; ſo, by a raſcally recommendation to the board, he endeavours to reward him at the public coſt; for, to be ſure, this creature will prove juſt ſuch a caterpillar as his maker.

After his dogs are ſerved, he diſtributes the remains of his loving kindneſs on ſome ſnotty-noſed letter-man, the product of ſome *quondam* punk, or alewife. If one of theſe carry any fancied ſtrokes of his features, that lucky youth is certainly mark'd out for a commiſſion, and he ſhall force a rupture with ſome one of his lieutenants,

to

to make a vacancy for him, rather than he ſhall wait till manhood without one.

A great politician he muſt needs be, for he ſails with every ſhift of wind; and when the gale of good fortune ſhrinks, he alters his courſe, and reaches his port by the traverſe rules of injuſtice and oppreſſion.

If the wind and tide of affairs prove too violent, he then certainly trims about, and bears away for any place, 'tis no matter what port, whether Turk or infidel; for againſt wind and tide too, there is no working.

He is neither a wit nor a fool; for he has commonly too much greaſe, and too little erudition, to be the one, and has ſeen ſo much of the world, that he cannot well be the other; yet he's ſo far a ſot, as to think no man ſees ſo well as himſelf, becauſe none has travelled ſo many leagues as he has done.

He has no mortal averſion for the French; it is not their blood he thirſts after, but their claret; 'tis involuntary, to be ſure, if he ſpill of the one or the other.

He is commonly a ſtiff man for the government, yet not ſo ſtiff as to carry ſail againſt all weathers. He loves loyalty, but he loves his ſhip much better; and rather than loſe this, he will throw the other overboard in a ſtorm. To beat up againſt all revolutions, does but diſable a man, and drifts him into the gulf of poverty, which he dreads more ten thouſand times over than the bay of Biſcay.

He laughs at the poor ſimplicity of the antients, that ſhaped their courſe to wealth by the ſtreight lines of honeſty and plain-dealing: The world is now found to be globular ever ſince the diſco-

very of the Weſt-Indies, and conſequently, cries he, the only way to hit rightly upon Peru and Mexico, is by the curved lines of our modern mercators, who make all the meridionals of the chart of life, to bend and center in the two poles of luxury and power.

There are no blaſts ſo frightful to him, as thoſe ſtrong unexpected turnadoes, that come off ſhore from the territories of the admiralty; theſe ſometimes reach him as far as Braſil and Jamaica; and moſt certainly overſet him, if he be not ready ſtiffen'd with Peru ballaſt. If he have enough of this, he may get ſafe home, provided always he obſerve well his land-marks, keeping Crutched-Fryars in a line with the horſe-guards; and then he may run in boldly to Chatham.

Being arrived here, his firſt thought is, to inform the board, that he and the ſhip are both liveing; and his next is, to petition for a few weeks comfortable relaxation from the woeful fatigues of a perpetual ſwilling, eating, and ſleeping, for a whole twelvemonth together, to the great detriment of his body and face, which are already become as unfaſhionable as a Smithfield inn-keeper's. Having made this remonſtrance, aſhore he comes with ſo bluſtering an air, as if he fancied himſelf the ſon of Neptune come to declare war againſt the whole earth.

The firſt trip he makes is to his precious helpmate, and his next to Whitehall, where you will find him offering at the airs of a courtier: He begins with the porter of the office at the *Anchor of Hope*, to whom he pays more ſervile cringes, than ever he allowed aboard his own ſhip to his betters; but though he paſs muſter here, he cannot at St. James's;

James's; for the tar is ſmelt out under all his trappings.

In fine, ſtrip him of every thing but himſelf, or let him truck jackets with any of his barge-men, and if you diſtinguiſh him from out the crew, I'll give you leave to hang him; their diſcourſe, their behaviour, their paſſions, their aims, their wiſhes, their every-thing ſo alike, that any one that has but ſenſe enough to know fiſh from fleſh, will cry out, *They are all of a mould, and there's never a barrel a better herring.*

A SEA-LIEUTENANT,

IS a gentleman, he'll tell you, by his commiſſion; and hence it is he carries it always about him, to give you demonſtration-proof, in caſe you call it in queſtion: He lugs it out as often as he does his watch, and believes both together convincing proofs of his gentility.

The better officer he is, he is ſure of having the worſe captain; for upon the diligence and compliance of the one, depends the pride and lazineſs of the other; ſo that the one doing as he ought, the other is ſure to do nothing. Thus theſe two are generally pair'd like married couples, the very good wife being linked in the chain of providence to the good-for-nothing huſband.

There are ſeveral ſorts and ſizes of lieutenants, but they may be compriſed within three degrees of compariſon: The firſt of theſe is the captain's vicegerent, and generally heir apparent to him; and often in his ſleep he fancies himſelf actually in poſſeſſion, to the no ſmall wonder of the quarter-deck, when in the dead of the night they hear him

him cuff about the bed and bedposts, and crying out, in a cold sweat, *Zounds, mind your hand, you dog at the helm, and bear away: Bear up round, you slave, for the enemy you see edge down upon us;* so offering at the quartier's chops in his dream, he strikes his fist against the ship-side, and streight that awakes him, to his no little comfort, in finding he had been all this while sleeping in a whole skin.

If he be in a leading ship, his hopes stand fair; and fairer still, if she's alone, on a long expedition; there oft does he pray for his captain's death most unfeignedly, but not that it may come by a cannon-shot; for he loves not to wet his fingers with a bloody commission; it is most legible when only in White and Black, and he hopes to keep it so all his days, when he gets it.

His ambition reaches just Commission-high; all other contemplations he reckons extra duties, and the mere conundrums of an idle fancy.

He is eminently skilled in talking much to little purpose, and believes all knowledge beyond the reach of his discipline, not worth sounding for.

He is a man of parts, that he is sure of; and he would deem himself a great Blockhead, if he told you not as much the first time he sees you. He tells you often, both drunk and sober, what a notable fellow he is, and the many reformations he will introduce, and what mighty discoveries he will make, when he comes into his kingdom; and yet had he his wishes, he would just keep his word in this, as in all his other promises: He would reign just like the lazy monarch before him, and shew he had not one ounce better blood than his leader.

He is so much the captain's right-hand, that he can scarce wipe his backside without him. He is

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a ſecond Soſia, and aſſumes the captain's phiz, air, pride, and blaſphemy in his abſence; then he acts his Rehearſal over, that he may not have his part to ſeek, when he comes to be dubbed captain indeed.

Tho' he ſee the court leſs, he has yet as much circumſpection aſhore, in his converſation, as his captain; for he takes care to ſmell the ground where he is, and, like a wiſe Philoſopher, conforms to time and place moſt preciſely. Hence it comes, that among unconſtrained manly ſociety, he is as amicable as a ſheep, and very ſeldom talks Atheiſm, but in the preſence of the Chaplain, or is very unruly, but in civil company.

But follow him ſtrait into his wooden territories, and you'll ſee him diſplay his commiſſion with a vengeance, eſpecially in the captain's abſence; then he will over-act his part moſt unſufferably, inſomuch that you'd wonder a ſheep ſhould ſo ſuddenly all at once be turned to a tyger.

Speak to him there tho' in never ſo mild terms, he takes it his own way, and anſwers you in fire and ſmoak through his noſtrils: In this kind of unmanly Billingſgate claſhing, he is a much greater maſter than at the claſhing of weapons.

The more gruff and waſpiſh he is, the leſs will he tolerate it in others; and you have him a thouſand times ſtorming at the haughtineſs of ſuch as have ten times leſs than himſelf.

Oft does he mutter at the partialities of the board, and admires at the neglect of merit, including himſelf for certain; and yet his preferment had already out-run his deſerts, farther than ever his dead reckoning did his obſervation.

His poſt in a fight is the gun-deck, and there he is ſure of but one chance againſt him; for he would

would deem himſelf an unpardonable blockhead, if he kept not out of the way of ſmall ſhot.

Of all officers in the ſhip he rails the moſt againſt captains, tho' he is the firſt of any that hopes to be one. He'll tell you a thouſand wicked ſtories of them in his cups, and ſwear they are more fatal to the ſhip than ſtinking beef, and ſcarce one worth Keel-hawling.

But when he's ſober again, he ſeriouſly curſes the freedom of his tongue, and is ready to eat his words when you'll have him. He relies on the captain's good word, as the cut-water to his preferments, and begs a certificate, when he removes from the ſhip, with as ſneaking a look almoſt as a cripple does from a country-juſtice.

He makes, at every turn, a heavy coyle about the diſcipline of the navy, and yet puts it as little in practice as his lazy commander. Every old woman knows, that the end of war-ſhips is fighting; but this ſpluttering manager ſeems to believe them built and maintained purely for ſailing and wearing out canvas.

Hence, if he have but hands enough to furl, rief, and make ſinnate, he concludes this wooden fortreſs better manned than the Trojan horſe; for ſhe is fitted for all weathers.

So the only thing he dreams not on, is the diſcipline of fighting, till chance ſometimes throws him in the way of it, and then he is ſtruck as mute as a young whore taken in the fact, and knows not which way to turn him; for 'tis too late then to offer at inſtructing the ſhip's crew, whom he has kept as ignorant of gunnery as a hackney coach-man.

He reckons himſelf (tho' perhaps but the ſon of a coſtard-monger) fifty degrees above a commander

mander of a merchant-ſhip; and yet his gentility is ſurer to ſtoop lower than the other in matters of traffick; nay, ſuch a ſorry dealer is he of ſmall ware, that you would ſwear he had ſerved twice ſeven years 'prenticeſhip to a Scots pedlar.

He judges of men, as he does of ſhips, by the outſide; and he that makes the moſt gilded appearance, is moſt certainly the happieſt, in his mathematical conceit.

His ſeniority gives him ſome advantages over his brothers; but the only beſt is that of half-pay, when the war is blown over. Were it not for this, his thoughts would tumble to and fro, worſe than a ſhip becalm'd after a great ſtorm in the gulf of Lyons.

The ſecond lieutenant is a kind of ſpare topmaſt, that lies idle while the firſt is ſtanding, and in good condition; ſo we'll e'en lay him fore and aft for the preſent, and come to the loweſt, who is as tall as the higheſt in his own conceit.

This ſame then is a kind of Hobbedehoy, or boy in man's cloaths; for his chin is yet as ſmooth as the backſide of his commiſſion. Being young and ſupple, the captain endeavours to qualify him to be penny-poſt-man, as not having any half-pay to truſt to. He ſends him upon a thouſand ſleeveleſs errands, to the great conſolation of the footman, and to his own great diverſion; for he takes no little pleaſure to humble the young 'ſquire, and pull him down beyond ordinary, that when he comes up, he may ſtand at the true bent, fit for a commander to ſhoot his game withal.

He muſt come to the ring of midnight bell, tho' it be but to call a ſervant. He muſt go a league or two, to carry a leg of mutton (but under pretence of carrying a letter) to a brother captain,

tain, and to aſk, by the by, how he digeſted his laſt night's debauch.

If he boggle or ſtand upon his punctilio's, and refuſe performing ſuch like menaces, he is immediately proclaimed throughout the fleet, a reifty puppy; and the captains, one and all, join notes together, and bark the poor gentleman out of the navy; at leaſt he has a mark of diſtinction clapt on him behind his back, which makes him in almoſt as forlorn a condition as a freſh-water booby condemned to ſtorm the caſtle.

But all this wears off in time, and his authority grows up with his beard, ſo that in one twelvemonth he comes to be an able, roaring, threſhing fellow, and fit to be ſent upon preſſing.

So when the ſhip has been ſufficiently depopulated by ill uſage, my ſpark is detached aſhore, with ſome choice hounds, to go hunt out a freſh ſtock.

He hugs the occaſion, to be ſure on't, for he never fancies himſelf ſo great by his commiſſion, as by his preſs-warrant, becauſe here he hectors without a rival.

The truth is, he and his bandogs together, make a woeful noiſe in all the ſea-port towns round the kingdom; he beats up all quarters, and rummages all the Wapping ale-houſes, as narrowly as he would a prize for the Indies.

The ale-wives tickle him in the gills with the title of captain, which makes him oft-times ſtay to get drunk in their houſes, out of pure joy and gratitude.

But his ſtricteſt inqueſt is in your ſailors proper habitations; there he plays the devil upon two ſticks, and pries into every ſuſpicious corner, whilſt the poor wife, to quiet him, freely lets him exa-

examine every hole he can find out, and then he marches off well ſatisfied.

In fine, he's a perfect hurricane in a little town, and drives the laggard dogs along the ſtreets with as much noiſe and buſtle, as butchers do ſwine to Smithfield; nay, not only forces them to run againſt the ſtream, but oft-times makes them tow aſtern a heavy fly-boat of a wife, as far as from Tweed to Medway; and tho' he really hurry men off againſt their inclinations, he's as far from being a kidnapper as a hangman is from being a cut-throat.

In the days of Yore, he uſed to play the devil amongſt the Newcaſtle colliers, who oft-times, to ſhun his threatening Scylla, have grounded their veſſels on Charibdis. But thoſe that knew his trim, uſed to load him well with ale and ſalmon, the common way to fore-reach upon him; but if he chanced to prove head-ſtrong, that no liquor could overcome him, the laſt remedy then was, to bring out ſome yellow boys, which were of far more eſteem with him than ſo many ſun-burnt ſailors.

Thus in one Northern trip, he would pick ye up a hundred or two of theſe little younkers, with which he could fight better than with ſo many ſtout tars in an engagement.

Having brought him back again among his brethren, let us now take him *to be as good as the beſt of them*, and ſo draw him in perfection.

Tho' he is an officer, he is a downright eye-ſervant, and is never ſo active as in the preſence of his commander; he is then perpetually making incurſion into the boatſwain's province, and too often intrenches upon his proper duty; for he is a ſmart fellow at a cudgel, and oft does he make

the poor tars yelp and run about, like dogs in a church, under the correction of a ſexton.

He can no more refrain drubbing in the ſight of ſtrangers, than a Frenchman can hold from cutting capers in the preſence of ladies; and he has as great an itch at breaking of heads on board, as he has aſhore at breaking of windows; and well he may, for here he lays on with irreſiſtible blows, and always come off ſcot-free.

Thus he trains up ſailors, as carmen do horſes, with the ſtick and whip; for he knows by the conſtitution of his own nature, that no good can be done without drubbing.

But if he gives, he takes too ſometimes, inſomuch that it is not eaſy to determine which of the two provokes moſt the other, he or his captain; if this uſe the firſt like an aſs, the firſt gives him good cauſe by his ſervile ſufferance.

But Job at laſt complained, and ſo does he; but inſtead of being fourfold better, it coſts him his ruin; for tho' right and juſtice be his advocates, 'tis captains only hear and judge him, and thoſe brother-ſtarlings are birds of a feather that always agree together.

He is a mighty exact man about trifles, and lays far more ſtreſs upon the running up of yards and top-maſts well after a ſtorm, than of the running out of guns briſkly in an engagement. If but a pitiful boat, clapt aboard, tho' in ſafe harbour, without timely notice firſt given, he ſhall make a greater clamour and uproar, than if ſhe was grappled by a fireſhip.

He is never truly calm, but in the hurly-burly of a fight; for then people have other fiſh to fry, than to mind him; nor is he ſorry for it, becauſe (howſoever he may flatter himſelf at other times) upon

upon ſuch occaſions he finds himſelf made but of the common mould, and as liable to ſtink as other mortals; but he cannot eaſily be ſmelt out amidſt ſo much ſmoak of gun-powder.

He is no hypocrite as to his vices, that is certain; for he'll tell you a hundred times over without aſking, what a notable lewd fellow he is, and has been in his generation, and values himſelf not a little upon the reputation of it.

He'll ſwear to you, he has made more cuckolds than bowls of punch; and believes there is no more ſin in taking a ſpell with a whore, than in pumping a leaky veſſel.

The ſurgeon makes much more of his debauchery, than his courage, and always takes care to patch him up with ſpeed, to have the better cuſtomer of him.

But yet, after all, if you won't believe he is very often guilty of lying, you'll wrong him; for he is not altogether ſo very a miſcreant as he would paſs for, fathering many more wicked pranks than ever he had force or courage to be guilty of. Lord! what a number of fine women has he overſet; and how many luſty fellows has he made look pale, whom he never once ſaw or dream'd of.

Not but that he has made many attempts of both kinds, and with the like ſucceſs, as ſeldom coming off from the one without a clap, as from the other without a beating: When he has got his belly-full of both, he puts aboard again, and one ſummer's voyage buries all in oblivion.

When he's out at ſea, he is in a ſtrange pickle, and oft looks around him, with as penſive a phiz, as a horſe penn'd up in a pinfold. Lord, cries he, who but a madman would go to ſea to fiſh for

bread! Ads death, there is no living like a Chriſtian, but upon *Terra Firma.*

But as there is no place ſo wretched, as to want its comforts, he weans by degrees his longings after the fleſh-pots of Sodom, and in lieu of whores, makes cards and dice his ſerious entertainment. He tempers his bad throws with good punch, for the box and glaſs go hand in hand together. By the time he has unloaded his pockets, he is floated off his legs, and then drives upon the coaſt of Bedfordſhire, and there he ſticks faſt till next morning.

He as little thinks of going to heaven, as to Jamaica: He cannot, he ſays, find any fixed pole-ſtar, or mathematical rules to truſt to in that voyage; ſo he ſhapes his courſe after his captain, without obſerving any latitude in his doings.

But tho' he tries every way, both by little and large, to keep up with his leader, he's commonly wrong'd very much for want of ſail and ſkill too, ſo that how well ſoever he can weather upon others, he never is able to fore-reach upon his commander.

He has an equal averſion to fighting and peace, and prays heartily for the long life of Lewis, for fear the war die with him. Oft does he ruminate on that unhappy happy change, and then his thoughts are adrift what courſe to ſteer, but at laſt he grounds himſelf upon the iſle of pyrates.

But, alack! his noble reſolutions ſhift like tides; for every beacon he meets with, reminds him of Tyburn, and then he determines to hawl upon a bowling all the days of his appointed time, rather than teach fools wiſdom at his own coſt, and hang up in chains for the good of poſterity.

'Tis this thought often mortifies him in his days of

of prosperity, and makes him, by intervals, a much more humane officer than otherwise his nature would allow him to be.

In fine, he is the captain's humble pig in a string, or rather his greyhound, let loose after every chace, which, if he take, he is sure to pick the bones for his labour; but of all chaces, he likes that of a well-freight widow best; if he can but once clap her aboard, he's sure to carry her; and tho' he cannot pretend to make her all his own, yet he sticks by her till he has reached to the end of his voyage of life.

Now, after all that has been said, it must be owned, that you shall sometimes stumble upon a Lieutenant, as cuckolds do upon hidden treasures, of a very different make to what you find here, who, as they have been born to, and bred up in the principles of honour and virtue, so they would not, for all the plunder got at Alicant, stoop to any thing beneath their birth and character.

A SEA-CHAPLAIN,

IS one that in his junior days was brought up in the fear of the Lord; but the university reasoned him out of it at last, and he has oft-times thanked his good stars for it.

It is his happiness, he believes, that he stayed not to take any deep root at the college, for then he might unfortunately have grown up to be a pedant, and por'd himself into stupidity.

He has improved his sense wonderfully, since he came to be a fellow-commoner in the navy, insomuch that no man living can impose a fallacy upon his understanding, in any element that comes with-

in the verge of the cook-room; nay, ſuch is the ſtrength of his intellects, and ſo admirable his penetration, that he ſhall ſpy out wild-fowl, when they are, as it were, in the clouds to all beſides, and ſmell out roaſt-meat a good league off, or better; but though he be really a perſon of ſingular taſte, and nice of ſenſe, he never has the vanity to be thought ſo.

He is ſeldom oppreſſed with the drudgery of prayer; once a day were an intolerable burden, that would lie heavier upon his ſtomach than ruſty pork or burgoo.

He is a preacher, tho' he never once came within a pulpit; he holds forth according to the true primitive way; I don't mean in a tub, but a much ſurer footing; for ſtanding upon the firm deck, he hangs his noſe and arms over the back of a chair, and ſo falls to ſplitting his text moſt methodically; but the plain truth is, it is ready ſplit to his hands; for he is ſo orthodox a parſon, as to offer you no ſermon but what has paſſed the teſt of the preſs, and has perhaps the fiſt of a biſhop too, to warrant it ſound ware.

A dozen or two of theſe are his whole ſtock; and therefore, to prevent a too nauſeous tautology, he every year, if he can, removes into a freſh ſhip, among new pariſhioners, and ſeldom does there fail of his own tribe, ready to change with him upon the very ſame motive.

He is one ſhall make a text point as many ways as the compaſs, and never wants a pocket full of them, to comfort his heart with upon any carnal occaſion.

Tho' he ſpeaks more truths than an oracle, yet he ſeldom ſays as he thinks; his noſe and his tongue are diſſenters to each other, and very rare-

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ly jump in the colours of good and evil; by the one you may hear, that nothing is ſo precious as the word of the Lord, and by the other you may both ſee and feel, that a good bottle, in his ſenſes, is ten times more valuable than the Bible. The plain truth is, he is much better at compoſing a bowl of punch than a ſermon.

He ſeldom moleſts a poor dying ſoul with his viſits, becauſe he wiſely conſiders, that a ſailor is a man of no ceremony; he verily creates far more peace of conſcience to the ſhip's company by his practice than his preaching; for he is the great exemplar they walk by.

There's as great a difference betwixt him and a reverend divine, as betwixt a quack-doctor and a learned phyſician; and he will never ſhew it more than when you offer to tell him ſo; for he will be readier to confute you with his fiſts than any other proofs whatever.

He reckons a ſober Chaplain in the navy to be a downright nonconformiſt, and thinks himſelf obliged in conſcience to keep aloof from him, to avoid being tainted with ſo damnable a hereſy.

He's an equal enemy to Popery and Calviniſm, and manifeſts it thoroughly in his zeal for a ſurloin in Lent, and mine'd pyes at Chriſtmas.

There's no hell to him like living eternally on ſalt proviſions; fire and brimſtone is but a fool to it.

Of all ceremonies, he likes well that of a cuſhion in praying; yet, to ſhew his exceſs of loyalty, he will drink the king's health on his knees without one.

He drinks and prays with much the like fervour. He turns up his glaſs and the whites of his eyes together,

together, and in the ſincerity of his heart drinks it off moſt canonically.

He abominates all ſlurring upon friendly ſociety, and had much rather chuſe to drink twice, than be once ſuſpected of baulking his neighbour.

To ſhew his abundant humility, he will ſometimes drink flip with the midſhipmen; and to prevent the fall of a weak brother, he will oft be ſo charitable as to drink for him.

He fulfils that axiom to a tittle, *Simile ſimili gaudet;* for no man that is merely human, can be more converſant with ſpiritual matters, than he is; nay, ſo elevated a creature is he, that ſcarce can he ſuffer any foul in his preſence, vilely to commix them with ſuch things as ſavours not thereof.

He never gives any open ſymptoms of being diſaffected to the government, and yet he is certainly unalterably devoted to the French intereſt; for tho' he pretends to love the king and the church mighty well, yet he loves Bourdeaux wine and brandy much better.

He reckons it a great condeſcenſion to admit Sir ——— into his company; but for Belch, he drinks it as he takes the oaths, upon mere neceſſity.

You ſhall hear him oft-times hold forth in his cups, according as the ſpirit of wine gives him utterance; but you ſhall ſeldom or never find him reel along in the paths of righteouſneſs; for when he once gets in for it, he throws off his gown and hypocriſy together, and becomes the bell-weather of the flock, to run them pall-mall into the pinfolds of the devil.

But for him the ſhip's crew would be paſſable good Chriſtians, whereas his exemplary preſence makes them often call his words to account, and

too

too often doubt his Sunday-labour a ſham, and himſelf a ſacred What-ye-call-'em.

A harden'd Atheiſt he is not, for a great ſtorm will make him unfeignedly fearful, and then the poor rogue looks aghaſt like a pick-pocket taken in the fact, or an old bawd at the day of judgment, without having the comfortable proſpect of one mountain to fall on his head. Hence it comes, that he ſometimes backſlides to the quaking ſect, in ſpite of his gown and godlineſs.

He wears his prunella-gown as chearfully as he does his honeſty; there's ſomewhat in the wind, to be ſure, when he puts on either; and truly why ſhould a man rub out good things, without a ſolid conſideration for it?

In foreign countries, he takes care to hide his light under a buſhel; his coat, ſword, and neck-cloth, make him paſs current for a High German Doctor; and one would ſwear him one indeed, by his phyſical notion of things; for a thorough debauch, he will tell you, is like a freſh in a river, ſweeps away all the mud and ſandy banks of our microcoſm, and a ſound wench cools the blood in hot countries, and keeps the fleſh from warring againſt the ſpirit.

Hence it is, that he envies not at home the country vicar, with his tythe-pigs and plumb-puddings, ſince here he can whore with ſecurity, and get drunk like a gentleman, without ſcandal.

One might well believe him a good common-wealth's man, for he loves dearly to propagate his ſpecies, even in the very lands that know him not. If he chuſe to perform this great work in a blind corner, and not on the houſe-top, it is to ſhew himſelf one of no oſtentation; and truly he is a perſon of ſo much ſelf-denial, that with great re-

ſignation

ſignation he patiently lets others have the glory of fathering his labours.

It were great malice, to ſay he is a man of no principles; for all know him an everlaſting adherer to that ſovereign one of ſelf-preſervation; and no one ever found him to flinch in that principal of life, a *good ſtomach*.

He has ſo good an opinion of his own parts, that he fancies to do you a favour, in giving you his company at all entertainments, and would take it as an affront to heaven and learning, to let him contribute a mite towards it.

He flies at all game, whether it be the fleſh of fowl, or the fleſh of fiſh; whereſoever he fixeth his pounces, ſhe's his own, bones and all, if any way practicable; for 'tis too much loſs of time to make a ſeparation.

The only way to overcome him at argument, is here; for he had much rather let the beſt ſyllogiſm in the world grow cold than his victuals. To keep his grinders from mouldering againſt each other, he ſupplies both ſides with griſts at once; if his tongue chance to pop in the way, the Lord have mercy on it; for his jaws know no halting.

The captain, when he has got a ſuper-ordinary dinner, ſends for him to give the benediction; and truly he thinks it a very good benediction to be there to give one. He makes no long-winded graces, becauſe he loves to keep his breath to cool his pottage.

He's the captain's truſty comerade at a game, or ſo, on a Sunday-evening; for there's no playing with a lay-brother on that night, for fear it take wind, and fly to the board ſooner than the news of a victory; but they play not ſo deep as they

they drink, for a hearty bowl prevents the ſpiritual food of the day from lying heavy in the ſtomach, there being no better digeſter of good doctrine, than good liquor.

He's a compleat ſcholar, that's evident, becauſe for theſe many years he has given over all ſtudy. Sometimes he pores upon a pack of cards, or ſo, and makes learned animadverſions on the hiſtory of the four kings and the knave of clubs.

Tho' he ſpeaks much better Engliſh than Latin, you'd take him for a downright Iriſhman by his countenance, which is the choiceſt looking-glaſs in Chriſtendom for a country Corydon to prim his phiz by.

He's neither ſaint nor apoſtle, that he will own, but his modeſty cannot deny, but that his bare ſhadow has cured many poor creature of the ſimples. Some will have it, that none now-a-days, but the ſociety of Jeſus, are endowed with the knack of exorciſm, yet all muſt allow, that our Proteſtant hero is capable of outfacing the devil at any time.

To loſe a pretenſion for want of aſſurance, he reckons as ſcandalous a blot upon his gown, as the loſs of a garriſon, for want of courage, would be to a red-coat. Old Nick will never kidnap him, if he is to catch him bluſhing.

He gapes after vacancies as early as a campaigning whore does for dead mens cloaths in a battle; and tho', to human appearance, he loom to be a bulky heavy-ars'd Chriſtian, yet he is perpetually attempting to leap over the heads of his brethren.

Now, one would conclude him to be a high-flyer; and the truth is, he never willingly ſuffers any to fly above him, paſſive obedience in his own tem-

temporals, griping him worſe than four wine or ſmall beer.

He hates your low-flyers, as bad as Jews do ſwines-fleſh; yet he's not ſo ſtiff for the towering party, as a Turk is for the Alcoran. Rather than overſet himſelf, or be obliged to throw any of his groats over-board in bad weather, he will ſuffer two or three riefs of diſcipline to be taken in.

He never ſwears but in his cups, and then he does it with ſuch an air of authority, as fully beſpeaks him to have the plenipotentiary powers of an heavenly ambaſſador.

Tho' he guide others to heaven by the plain-ſailing rules of the goſpel, yet he ſhapes his own courſe by the nicer rules of caſuiſtical divinity: Hence it is, that he ſhall preach you in the morning about giving Cæſar his due, and the ſame night run commodities aſhore for ſale, without wronging the rule of the goſpel; for Cæſar, he cries, wears no petticoats.

In fine, he's the very reverſe of what he profeſſes, and there's as great a difference betwixt the man and the prieſt, as betwixt the dutcheſs upon the ſtage, and her behind the ſcenes. He is a downright paradox, greater than any he ever learnt at the univerſity; or, to ſpeak all in a word, he is the devil's grand temptation, for by his openly ſinning under a ſanctify'd habit, he openly burleſques God Almighty.

The MASTER *of a Ship of War.*

IS a fellow indeed, for he's no leſs than Maſter of two veſſels: But as he cannot mann both at once, he leaves the weaker behind; for ſhe's generally

nerally ſo leaky, that ſhe ſeldom but keeps her pump going.

His ſtation is the meridian altitude of the lower kind of midſhipmen: His mates make him the great planet of their obſervation; when their exaltation is riſen thus high, it is noon day with them, and they look no farther.

He is a ſeaman every bit of him, and can no more live any while on dry land than a lobſter; and but for that he is obliged ſometimes to make a ſtep aſhore, to new-rigg, and to lay in a cargo of freſh peck and tipple, he cares not tho' he never ſee it.

Hence he becomes ſo over-ſeaſoned with everlaſting floating on ſalt-water, that all the land-pumps in England cannot waſh off his brackiſhneſs. At every turn, you diſcover him by his phraſes, as apparently as you can the ſpots of the moon with a teleſcope. His language is all Heathen Greek to a cobler; and he cannot have ſo much as a tooth drawn aſhore, without carrying his interpreter. It is the aftmoſt grinder aloft, on the ſtarboard quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering operator.

He's fuller of crabbed terms than a Moorfields conjurer, and bawls forth greater contradictions than a young ſophiſt at Cambridge. You will hear him a thouſand times cry out, *Thus, thus, it is very well thus*, when the wind is moſt contrary; and he ſhall be ſure to bid the ſteerſmen to come no nearer, when he's fartheſt from his port; nay, if you'll hearken to him, he'll ſwear you down, that a ſhip can never ſail well, when her ſails are in the wind. Hence you are to take him by the rule of contraries; and when he calls for a couple of hands, be aſſured he means four.

Take him in a morning faſting, and he's as dry as an old biſket; yet pour but a can of ſlip down his bore, and you may with eaſe pump every thing out of him.

Though a ſlip-can be his moſt intimate companion, he has a much greater veneration for a punch-bowl, which he hugs and ſalutes far oftner than he does his doxy. He eſteems it his truſty friend, that's certain; for he never fails to unload all his ſecrets in its company; and, Lord! what a learned diſcourſe you ſhall ſometimes have betwixt them.

For he ſhall (to the wonder of ignorance) illuſtrate, by the mere aſſiſtance of this little comerade, an hundred pretty phænomenas, as plain as a pike-ſtaff; he ſhall demonſtrate to you the horizon, the tropic, the hemiſpheres, the flux and reflux of the ſea, and a great many more admirable knowables, all within the little circle of a punch-bowl.

He has a mathematical brain, that's the truth on't; for he will draw you from thence ſuch a number of lines, tangents, and ſecants, that you'd wonder how the devil his ſkull contained them all, without endangering his pericranium.

If he has made a trip to Jamaica, or ſo, he ſhall tell ye he has been among the antipodes, and will give you an undeniable proof of the reverſe poſition of their feet to ours, by a louſe crawling round his hat-crown.

But his talk is moſt upon the doctrine of the ſpheres, becauſe he believes it above your ſphere to comprehend him. Out he brings his Holland cheeſe upon this ſubject, and delineates you, upon that periſhable globe, the zodiac, the equinoctial, the ecliptic, the colures, azimuths, and almicantors,

tors, and, in a word, every great and ſmall circle, from the very zenith to the nadir of mathematical knowledge.

He fancies himſelf one of the firſt magnitude in aſtronomy, becauſe he can run ye over the conſtellations as glibly as the points of his compaſs; and tho' he cannot number the ſtars, and call them all by their names, yet he ſhall ſpeak as peremptorily about the milky-way, as if he had turned it up there in the ſhip Argo, as frequently as up our channel in a ſhip of war.

One ſo well acquainted with heaven can be no ſtranger to any corners upon earth, to be ſure; and truly, if you'll believe him, he has ſeen more in his days, than ever the ſun had curioſity to pry into: And ſo liberal is he in his cups, as to tell you all his travels without aſking; but in good faith, he that can have patience to hear him out, may go trip with him all the world over, for he uſeth ſo many trifling digreſſions, ſuch impertinent circumſtances, and ſuch a confounded number of repetitions, that he ſhall be well nigh as long in recounting as in making a voyage to the Canaries.

One might ſuſpect him to be a very pious fellow, for no ſaint upon earth looks oftener to heaven-ward than he; and yet, God knows, he has no more ſanctity than a gypſy in him.

He truſts much more to the ſun for his guide, than to the Creator of it, and makes uſe of the ſtars to direct him home, as drunkards do of link-boys; and is every now and then learning his right way of Taurus, and ſuch like horn'd animals, as, ſtrangers do of ſhop-keepers in London.

He's one that's abſolutely governed by the changes of the moon, and yet no Jew is more unalterable than he in his opinions; but he often

finds, that he can ſhape his courſe much better in his chart than on the ocean.

The captain truſts much more to him for a guide than to the parſon; and he is not a little proud of it, inſomuch, that tho' he will grant the captain to be his ſuperior, yet he ſwears himſelf to be a man of much better reckoning.

His charge is very extenſive, for nothing aboard is to be ſpent without his privacy; he is ordained the impartial ſuveyor of all the ſhip's proviſions; and if he fare not very well by it, he may thank his own honeſty; but the purſer has more cunning than to ſuffer any nice ſcruples to lie unwaſhed off from his conſcience.

He's as kind to him as a kidnapper is to a poor country cokes, and many times makes him ſo giddy with good liquor, that he ſhall not diſtinguiſh beer from hogwaſh, and poſſibly, after a fair probation, ſhall allow Sir ——— to be warrantable victuals.

But his grand charge is not ſo much the mens bellies, as the ſhip's carcaſs, to keep her aloof from rocks, ſands, and lee-ſhores; if he can but weather all theſe, he troubles not his head about weathering the enemy.

His proper elements are wind and water; the other two, of fire and metal, he leaves to thoſe that love them: Not but that he can fight, and that very heartily too, after a luſty ſwig at the brandy-bottle; then enemy, or no enemy in view, he will fight him, and ſink him too; but it is with the wind of his mouth only.

He'll often tell ye what a ſprag he was in the days of Yore, and what a fatal thing the laſt Dutch war had proved, but for himſelf and few others. And truly if he had done as he talks, he had rare

Cuckold's

Cuckold's luck, for you ſhall not find one ſcar about him.

But now the beſt of his days are over, he'll tell you; and beſides, it is but an odd kind of a war (this with French), and he cannot ſet cordially about it; for what a thouſand pities is it to be at enmity with a country that produces ſo much good wine and brandy?

But as old as he is, he's commonly a fellow of much quickſilver; and thence it comes, perhaps, that he foretels winds and weather more preciſely than the beſt made barometer in Greſham college.

His phiz is the beacon to all freſh-water ſailors in bad weather; they look much more to his fiery face than to a light-houſe; he's their ſure card at a dead lift, and they truſt to his conduct in all channel-courſes, as fully as a blindman does his dog in the ſtreets of London.

The truth is, he knows our ſea-coaſts as well as *a beggar does his diſh*, and is acquainted with the nature and depths of all ſoundings but that of his wife's water-courſe.

Now, all this put together, muſt needs make him follow his noſe with great boldneſs; ſo that it is no wonder if he's more confident of his way than a Yorkſhire carrier, and tells ye the bearings of Bow-ſteeple from Teneriff, with more aſſurance than the other can from Highgate.

But in good faith, he's many a time out in his accounts, tho' he had rather run upon Scilly than own it; but own it he muſt, when he finds the land-fall not to jump with his reckoning; and then he looks as ſullen as a rake-hell heir, when he ſees his father out-live the predictions of a twelve-penny conjurer.

The firſt lieutenant and he do often interfere in

their politicks, and they are more intent upon each other's variations, than on that of the compaſs; and hence it comes, that his pride often makes him wiſh himſelf in a *merchant-ſhip; for there he's ſure to be his own maſter.*

If ever he makes a trip by land, it is a wonder, and there muſt be ſome ſtorm a gathering to be ſure, when he bears up to the admiralty board; all beyond that place, is *Terra incognita* to him.

He's ſoon equipped for his journey, for he ſtows all his baggage in his pockets; and as for boots and ſpurs, he can no more wear them than the bilbows.

But he muſt have his double jug, before he *weighs*, that's certain, becauſe wetting of his ſails will make him run the faſter; ſo after a hearty go-down to his boon voyage, up he *hoiſts* himſelf a trip upon his jigg of a horſe, and ſticks as cloſe to him with his thighs, as if he was got croſs a yard-arm.

Being thus got priddy, with the *reins reif'd* thro' both hands, he ſtreight *hawls* them aft like main-ſheets; upon which the ſteed makes ſtern-way, to his no ſmall admiration.

But reſolving to try the jade by and large, he trims all ſharp, hawls oft upon one rein only, and cuts with his legs and heels all weather; but, inſtead of running a-head, about ſhip goes the beaſt, and toſſes my gentleman over-board.

But up he ſkips upon his legs, as manfully as a taylor upon a ſhop board, and finding that a horſe will neither anſwer the helm nor his expectations, he e'en orders him back to his moorings, and ſtreight takes a birth in the ſtage-coach, which always makes her way as good as ſhe looks.

The PURSER,

IS a kind of Pythagorean philoſopher, not becauſe of his pocket-holes, for his breeches are common-well-lined, but for his many tranſmigrations, having lived in various regions, and rubbed through many callings, before he came to be a purſer in the navy: His laſt metamorphoſis is generally from being a poor knave in the fleet, near the Old Bailey, to be a ſubſtantial gentleman in the fleet at Spithead.

He's the man can boaſt, that he never purchaſed his preferment with money, for it was his want of it, that got him ſhuffled into his poſt, that he might clear off his debts at the ſailors coſt.

If he chance to be a ſharp fellow, that is, in the language of people that know no better (a very cunning knave), he's ſure to be mightily in the captain's books, and ſeldom fails of riſing to be his privy-counſellor.

Whenever he and his commander meet in a friendly conjunction, it portends the ruin of the common crew, more infallibly than the conjunction of his wife with ſome wapping tar, does that of his reputation.

He and the hogs are ſure never to want, for they take the meat from other mens bellies: Many a ſailor, that had a carcaſs as burly as a captain's, falling into his clutches, have been reduced to a horſeman's weight, and under.

He's the moſt excellent alchymiſt in nature, for he can tranſmute rotten peaſe, and muſty oat-meal, into pure gold and ſilver, with very little expence in the operation; for when, in a homeward bound voyage,

voyage, the proviſions are grown as rotten as his carcaſs, he gets his friend the captain to put the whole crew to full allowance, though no thinking creature, but his hogs, will devour it: Sheep, as ſimple as they are, have ſenſe enough to refuſe it.

In him miracles are not ceaſed, for he oft-times turns water into wine, and wine into water, with one mere *fiat* to his ſteward; but all this is no great wonder, in a man that has to do with the devil.

The king advanceth him the ready penny, to purchaſe wine abroad for the ſervice of the ſhip's company, but they get but a ſorry ſhare of it, and that adulterated into the bargain. Hence the poor ſouls, to ſupport nature, are obliged, by anticipation, to ſpend their pay upon the very wine that was aſſigned them at the price of ſhip-beer.

The worſer liquor he keeps, the more he brews his own profit; he ſhall draw more gain from wretched gripe-gut ſtuff, in one forenoon, than a dozen ale-wives from all their taps, on a day of thankſgiving.

He's far from that laudable practice of courting his cuſtomers with Sunday-dinners, becauſe the leſs they drink, the more he reckons himſelf obliged to them.

He allows ſalt fleſh meat to be a damned tipling ſcurvy diet, and would fain have it changed into wholeſome peaſe and burgoo, for the benefit of the ſailors; but, in good faith, it is only his own bags that would thrive by the project, he getting more by one pannian-day than many others.

It burns him to the very ſoul, to ſee one candle blaze above ordinary, and oft makes him cry out in the words of the collect, *Lighten our darkneſs, good Lord!* which is all the prayer that he makes uſe

uſe of; and truly he needs none, for all the ſhip's company daily pray for him, but they pray as they row, backwards.

One would think him of a very prepoſterous conſtitution, for he keeps his tallow beſt in ſummer, and melts down to nothing in winter ſeaſons. He hates great fires worſe than great froſts, and wonders what the devil we are made of aboard, that good punch cannot warm us enough without his charcoal.

Tho' his courage be as little as his honeſty, yet he ſometimes prays for a warm bruſh, or ſo, to help him to firewood; for fighting coſts him nothing.

He is lodged ſo far under water, that a bullet muſt be ſent by a particular providence, if it reach him. Thus, while others battle it aloft, he ſits as ſnug as a bee in a box, making his honey; for all thoſe that drop in the engagement, are ſure to die debtors.

He is as much alarmed in a ſtorm, as the chaplain; and tho' many will tell him, for his conſolation, that he has a hanging look, yet he ſtill perſuades himſelf, that the devil can turn a man's deſtiny.

If ever he be good, it muſt be plaguy bad weather; and as all violent changes are ſhort, his honeſty and the ſtorm blow over together.

He whores with moderation for conſcience ſake, for a ſound clap and a bad conſcience never agree together; ſmall beer being the doctor's receipt for the one, and a bowl of punch for the other.

His ſteward and he often compare notes together, and the bottom of their accounts jump as like as the devil is to the collier. The truth is, were it not for this under-rogue, and his ſuperiors, he

he would be a very rich fellow; but the poor ſlave is ſo ſqueezed on the one hand and the other, that he has but juſt ſubſtance enough left to ſatisfy the ordinary luſts of nature; for Old Nick takes care he buys no land with his money.

He is a rare fellow for giving a bad captain a good word; and prays as heartily for the continuance of eaſy heedleſs commanders, as Deal men do for ſtorms and thick weather; for an honeſt officer will make him ſo too, and that, alack! will be his ruin.

Next to himſelf, there is no man living he has ſo great a value for, as the clerk of the check, whom he generally calls his father; and well he may, for the knave is as like him, as a ſhoplifter is like a thief.

He procraſtinates his accounts with the navy-board, juſt as he does with heaven; he refers all to his death-bed, and then he thinks to bilk both the king and God Almighty: But if ever he do, he will cheat the devil moſt confoundedly, and leave an everlaſting conſolation to all exciſemen, ſtockjobbers, and petty-foggers, who, after him need never fear going to heaven in a ſtring.

The SURGEON,

IS your old acquaintance, the Barber, that has ſtept from the demoliſhing of beards, to the practice of more ſanguine operations.

The common crew call him the phyſicioner of the ſhip; that is to ſay, the ſcavenger, that cleanſeth away all the dirt and naſtineſs that lies in the channels of mens bodies, and that proves offenſive to human nature.

He

He is generally reputed a man of letters, for Dr. T——r and he ſtudied both at the ſame univerſity; but his practice differs very much from that learned doctor's, for he loved to keep men in everlaſting blindneſs.

To define him preciſely, he's no downright Paracelſian, Galeniſt, nor operator, but a hodg-podge of all together. He's no Digbean virtuoſo, that's certain, for he knows n t how to ſympathiſe with any man's wounds whatever.

If he has a ſmattering in chemiſtry, he is a topping ſpark indeed, and gabbles about the intrials of nature, like any heathen philoſopher: But of all his knowables *Alkali* and *Acid* he eſteems to be the ve y *Ne plus ultra* of phyſical diſcoveries.

The myſtery of his art and ſcience, conſiſts in a long liſt of fuſtian words and phraſes, whoſe true ſenſe he is more puzzl'd to lay, than to anatomize the body of a fat capon: And as for his performance upon legs and arms, he does it after a way, 'tis true; but, betwixt you and me, the ſlaughter-houſe on Tower-hill, would ſcarce grant him there journeyman's wages.

He's too lazy and proud to viſit common ſailors; and they are not ſick enough, he thinks, who are able to come and tell him their ailments. And hence 'tis plain, that he may with juſtice boaſt, that very few die under his hands, which is as much as Ratcliff himſelf cou'd pretend to.

The pooreſt patients are ſure to fare beſt where he is, becauſe he leaves them to nature, the leſs dangerous doctor of the two. But an officer with a purſe, muſt be ſure to part with it, as a badger with his ſtones, if ever he hopes to bring off his carcaſs.

He's unalterably convinc'd, that almoſt all our diſ-

diſtempers proceed from an over repletion; and therefore his firſt intention in all cures, is, to empty your pockets, which ſtrikes at the very root of all intemperance.

He does not ſo much lay claim to the learning, as the title of a doctor; for he values himſelf moſtly upon the tender touches of his hand in operations: And truly, thoſe that try him, generally acknowledge his legerdemain to be ſingular, for he ſhall conjure forth your gold, without once touching the purſe ſtrings.

Sometimes his captain, being diſabled by ſome unlucky ſhot 'twixt wind and water, repairs to him for a refitment; but, to his greater misfortune, he brings his mainmaſt by the board, in laying him upon the careen; and then ten to one but Lucifer gets him for firewood ſoon after.

The chaplain and he are oft chopping logick together upon the quarter-deck, to the aſtoniſhment of the gaping by-ſtanders; and tho' they differ like two empiricks in their opinions, they jump in this, they both thrive moſt by our vices; the old bawd befriending the one, as much as Old Nick does the other; experience teaching us every day, that one pocky whore brings the ſurgeon more griſt in, than a thouſand French cannon.

Next to whores, punch is his beſt friend, that being an approv'd fomenter of blood and wounds, which brings him in many more crown-pieces, than ever he had from his father.

His tools are of various ſorts and ſizes; his beſt he always carries in his breeches; and the moſt of theſe are of ſilver, that's certain, for there's no probing a man well, he thinks, with viler metal. He's as proud of theſe, as a Highlander is of a pair of bagpipes, yet he's ſomewhat prouder of that long

long tool of his, that hangs without board, which, tho' purpoſely forg'd for the deſtruction of fleſh and blood, it does the leaſt harm of any other.

He ſeldom rails againſt any of his fraternity, for he thinks it very imprudent to diſſect the diſabilities of his brother; nay, he will frankly own every one but himſelf to be the ſecond beſt artiſt in the navy.

His pots bear proportion to the ſize of his ſhop, which is near the dimenſions of an over-grown ſea-cheſt; but how ſmall ſoever his ſtock be, 'tis more than enough for his practice, for he needs not a ſalve for every ſore.

He adjuſts his preſcriptions, as a country ſhoe-maker does his laſts; he makes one and the ſame recipe ſerve to an hundred various tempers and circumſtances: For there's no ſtanding upon nice-ties, he cries, with fellows that have the conſtitu-tion of a horſe.

He's not much guilty of feeling his own pulſe, or following the meaſures he preſcribes to others. There's no bolus to him comparable to a new-laid egg, nor no julap like to a glaſs of true honeſt claret; ſo that if others made no more uſe of his ſtink-pots that he does himſelf, he might conſerve all his medicines till dooms-day.

His buſineſs at home is nothing, for no prophet is admir'd in his own country. But he does won-ders in Portugal and Spain, for with Catholic faith he can do any thing.

'Tis an inſufferable bold intruſion for any to caſt an eye into his compoſitions; and yet he's ſure to have an oar in other mens concerns. You'd wonder to hear him ſometimes, for 'tis hard to tell whether he or a ſtorm, poſſeſſes the ignorant moſt with fear; ſo diffident is he of the quarter-deck's ſufficiency in bad weather.

He's oft and many a time teazing the poor maſter with impertinent queries, and will be offering to rectify him in fogs and bad weather. He determines where ye are by the temperature of the air, and is confident, he can hit the channel in a homeward-bound voyage, as eaſily as the joint of a finger.

He's not very backward in propagating his ſcience, for a ſimple pocky ſwabber, he ſhall, by due gradations from the myſtery of loblolly-making, to that of a clyſter, ſwell him up to a journeyman doctor, provided always, that the ſwab conſign him over his wages for his labour.

Such as theſe are hands to perform his medicinal wonders with; theſe bring him the accounts of the ſick, and their diſtempers, and wait his reſponſes, which he gives them ſtreight in the turning of a peſtle; not with the double-fac'd ambiguity of the oracles of old, but hab nab, and as boldly as if he had juſt come himſelf from ſearching their intrails with a lighted candle.

He's equally proud of being thought a Medicus, and an atheiſt, and yet the fool ſeems to rely on ſomewhat above his own providence; for he lives from hand to mouth, and leaves the morrow to take care for itſelf.

Being very intimate with people's ſecrets, he makes very free with their tables too, and thinks no cordial is comparable to an elemoſinary dinner.

In the region he inhabits, he's pretty well ſconc'd againſt bullets, and all perils, but that of ſinking: And truly ſtorms and bad reckonings give him ſometimes ſuch deadly apprehenſions, that you may even ſmell them ſometimes to leeward of ye.

This infernal region of his, he calls the cockpit; and

and well it may, for there he has ſlain many a game-cock in his time. 'Tis a bloody place, that's the truth on't, and dark enough to hide all his miſcarriages.

Here the Purſer and he ſet up their horſes together, becauſe the latter he knows never wants provender; here they carouſe, to the deſtruction of all mortified limbs, and empty bellies; and are two ſuch faithful cronies, that they never flinch, but fairly drop down by each other.

He truſts much to the continuance of the war, but more to his own impudence; by the help of which, and a twelve-month's pay, you may chance to find him elevated on a ſtage on Tower-hill, when the peace is concluded.

In fine, one would conclude him a rank knave, becauſe none in the ſhip deſire to have dealings with him; but however he may be thought in his own days, poſterity is infinitely beholden to him, being the chiefeſt man in his generation, that makes elbow-room for another.

The GUNNER,

IS commonly a ſpawn of the captain's own projection; he was originally his footboy, and from thence, ſtep by ſtep, mounted to be his ſteward; in which ſtation having acquitted himſelf with ſingular ſharpneſs, his Creator rewarded him with this lazy office of a Gunner, which was the mark he always aim'd at.

He commonly has as little occaſion to exerciſe his art, as he deſires, and I dare ſay, he deſires never to have any; not that gun-powder ſtinks ſo very abominably in his noſtrils, rather he loves

clearly to hear his guns ſpeak, provided it be not againſt an enemy.

He loves the king's birth-day moſt loyally, and wiſheth he had twenty every year; for thoſe are the lucky times, when he cheats his majeſty moſt zealouſly.

He commemorates gun-powder treaſon, with a treaſon upon gun-powder; for he defaults his guns ſo exorbitantly, that a tar, after a hearty meal of peaſe, ſhall make his bum rattle a thankſgiving peal much louder than his cannons. But what's wanting in his guns, is made up in his cups which are ſure to have full meaſure.

Hence it comes, that the longer practioner he is, you find him make the worſe fires, ſtill coming ſhorter of his due length; and there is no getting him to mend his hand, for ſhould he give guns their due load, it would break him.

If you'll credit his oath or teſtimony, his captain muſt needs be a plaguy bloody fellow, for he's ſure to make him expend, in his accompts, more powder and ball in every trifling cruize, than was blown away at the battle of Hockſtedt.

One would wonder why he, of all men, ſhould want a gold medal, for his ſervices; for he huſbands the king's ſtores to admiration, a thouſand times converting into ſolid gold, what his fiery ſuperior had order'd to be turn'd into nought but ſmoak and thunder.

All ſhips are alike to him, excepting channel-cruizers, which are ſuperlatively the beſt for his purpoſe, not becauſe they fight moſt, but clean oſteneſt; and every time ſhe docks, he is ſure to ſweep fifty pounds at leaſt into his pocket, beſides his pay and prize-money.

Many a boat-load of ſmuggled ware has he popt forth

forth at his gun-room ports, while the rogue the tide waiter, voluntarily trick'd into a game at all-fours, is at the other end of the ſhip, or is laid along upon ſome cheſt, knock'd down by an unmerciful bowl of punch or two.

As heavy as his guns are, they are certainly more active than he is, and do the king fifty times more ſervice; for his grand amuſement is eating and drinking; his ſleeps are moderate enough, juſt to ſuffice nature, and make him ready for a freſh attack: Were it not for theſe, he would be a loſt man, for his mates do all his other buſineſs for him.

Hence he has but very little to do, if he do honeſtly; but this is as impoſſible with him, as to hit the moon with a cannon-ſhot: 'Tis an uncomatable mark, that's certain, for he can no more abſtain from ſuttling on board, and running goods aſhore, than he can refrain from talking bawdy in modeſt company.

No officer, but his captain, is accommodated like him; he challengeth the gun-room, as his hereditary eſtate, where he ſtruts about like any crow in a gutter; and it's not for want of pride, but courage, if he allow any man living the right-hand within his diſtrict.

His people, as he calls them, obey him like ſlaves, and yet every one beſides himſelf, muſt call them gentlemen gunners within his territories, where he's a little king in his own conceit, and may paſs for a great one in the opinion of others; for he makes more new lords and ladies in one twelve-month, within his confines, than any one prince in Chriſtendom.

He ruleth by the ſword, like any uſurper; nay, and ſo horrid a tyrant is he, as to keep it ever un-

ſheath'd, and never lets it ruſt, or lie dormant in a ſcabbard.

This is his ſword of ſtate, which never goes forth of his dominions; but he wears another on ſhore, more by the inſtigations of his wife, than his own heart; for he has predetermin'd never to draw it in anger; 'tis no matter therefore what the blade is, ſo the hilt be a good one, and truly it is as good as ſilver can make it.

When he has this ſwagging by his quarter, and his bob wig tied up behind like a horſe-tail, he's then a gentleman all over in his own conceit; tho' heaven knows the vain fool's no more like one, than a barber's pole is like a whipping-poſt.

The CARPENTER,

IS a tool the captain makes uſe of to cut the king's timber to his own ſervice.

Tho' he be generally but a rough hewn fellow, yet he values himſelf upon a well built hull; and as for his intellects, they are much about the ſame model with the maſter's, for he has little more of the mathematicks, than the boatſwain.

He's an honeſt ſubject, that's certain, for he's far more careful about keeping the king's ſhip tight than his own fly-boat; and though he be but, as it were, one of the lower bends of a man of war, yet 'tis well known ſhe cannot ſwim ſafely without him.

His buſineſs lies mainly in unforeſeen jobs, which is always perform'd by his underlings; from whence one may reaſonably infer, that he's himſelf no workman; the truth is, he's but a wooden artiſt at the beſt, and a tinker may juſtly take the wall of

of him, for he makes all his veſſels tight without either pitch or oakam.

His ſtomach muſt needs be ſharper than his ax, for he whets the one every morning duly, and the other perhaps but once a quarter; no wonder then, if the keeneſt rids the moſt work, for he eats at a breakfaſt, more than will counterpoize his whole day's labour.

How idle ſoever he be himſelf, he keeps ſo ſtrict a hand over his crew, that he won't ſuffer them to make one holy-day; yet, in ſpite of all his bluſter, they will ſometimes (oh wonderful!) make half a dozen in one morning.

One would not ſuſpect him, by his phiz, for a politician, and yet 'tis thought he imploys as many tools in the king's ſervice, as both our ſtate-ſecretaries; and like a true maſter of that ſcience, he makes loggerheads to be of as much uſe as blades of keener metal.

But what ſhews him really to be ſomething of a ſtate-fox, is, his ſetting a value upon all his doings; for he never lifts his hand to any work, but you are ſure to hear on't, being the moſt noiſy fellow living, in all his undertakings.

He's the only fellow on board, that profeſſes to do every thing by rule and meaſure, and yet he has his flaws, as well as others: He can ſpy out the faults in the ſtructure of a boat, ſooner than thoſe of himſelf; and ſhall bring ye to rights, a warp'd piece of plank, with far more facility than his own crooked manners.

But after all, he has generally the leaſt bundle of pride of all the other officers; whereas one would think he ſhould have the moſt of any, as being one of the moſt truſty timbers of the commonwealth; for without the Carpenter, the navy would

would ſink, and carry down the kingdom along with it.

You rarely hear him thunder and ſwear like the boatſwain, perhaps, becauſe he has far leſs occaſion: He will own himſelf to be a frail piece of workmanſhip, but he'll tell ye withal, that he would not be ſo daringly impious as ſome on board are, for all the wood in Chatham.

He knows the cube root perfectly well, but does not pretend to gauging; and thence, perhaps, it comes, and he's ſo often out of meaſure in his drinking; but yet moſt people deem him a ſober fellow, becauſe ſtrong liquor never overſets him.

He cannot but pity the ſurgeon's ſimplicity, for calling himſelf the ſhip's doctor, when all the world knows, that none but the Carpenter looks to her wounds, and cures all her ailments: And truly he is a moſt admirable operator; he will knit ye faſt a broken rib in a morning faſting, and fix ye a couple of new knees, when the old ones are ſhot to the devil, and the ſhip, the very next hour after, ſhall run ye as faſt as ever; but what's the moſt ſtrange of all things, he ſhall make her ſwim from one end of the world to the other, with her head as clean cut off as St. Patrick's, and without one grain of miracle in't. What puzzles him moſt, are ſhots twixt wind and water, which oft prove as fatal to the ſhip, as a loſt maidenhead to a virgin.

He's married, as well as his brother Warrants, that's to be ſure, and his honeſt neighbours tell him, for his comfort, that he has got a good one; but he that meaſures every thing by inches, is fully convinced, that ſhe's a daughter of Eve, and that all women are chips of the ſame block.

He might paſs for a ſaint among the godly, that know

know no better, becauſe he gives out to be always a-mending; but his wife, that knows him beſt of any, will often tell him, that the longer he lives, he's the worſer man: And alas, how ſhould it be otherwiſe, for he is not harder than cold iron, and his hardeſt tools are the worſe for wearing.

Yet in good faith, he's a knotty piece of timber, and the more you ſoak him, the tougher he grows, inſomuch, that the ſharpeſt means then won't work him to any thing

The days of fair weather are halcyon days to him; but ſtorms and tempeſts put him upon double duty, having both the king's ſhip and his own ſoul to take care of; but the laſt taſk is ſoon whipt over, for after a hearty ejaculation or two, with a ſhort breakfaſt upon the crumbs of comfort, well ſettled down with a humming ſtroke at the brandy-bottle, fortifies him in an inſtant againſt all weather.

In fine, he's one that in his own perſon has but little more to do than the gunner; and provided the ſeaſon be not over ſtormy, he may ſing a *quietus* to his bones all the ſummer.

The only croſs he dreads moſt, is a croſs-grain'd wind, when at ſea, for that runs him out in his cargo of belly-timber; and then the Lord help him, for he ſhall look as dead as a fiſh deſerted by the ſea, and gape and yawn at every turn, like an oyſter; but home he gets at laſt, and ſo gives over dreaming at night of flip and tobacco.

The BOATSWAIN,

IS a kind of a Jack with a box, for let him but whiſtle once, and you have a hundred or more

more Carteſian puppets, pop up upon deck, and run about, and ſtreight diſappear again in an inſtant.

It is not ſo much his fine ſilver-call, as the illuſtrious chain that it hangs by, that is the diſtinguiſhing badge of his poſt, and which he's as proud of as my Lord Mayor is of his, and prouder.

But this is allowed him for ornament only, as you do bells about the neck of a fore-horſe: His badge of power, is his bamboo, which, tho' tip'd with ſimple twine-thread, is venerated like the battoon of a general; and truly it does ſoldier-like execution, having maul'd more white-coats, than ever fell at the battle of Blenheim.

This ſmall ſtick of his, has wonderful virtues in it, and ſeems little inferior to the rod of Moſes, of miraculous memory; it has cured more of the ſcurvy, than the doctor, and made many a poor cripple take up his bed, and walk; ſometimes it makes the lame to ſkip, and run up the ſhrouds like a monkey; but what's moſt wonderful, it makes heavy-ars'd fellows tumble up from below, contrary to the tendency of all heavy bodies, which tumble downward.

He diſtributes his drubs with the ſame equity that the captain does his favours; for when he calls for men from below, and calls more than once, he's ſure to beat the firſt and readieſt that comes up, whilſt the hulkers, that lag behind, always ſave their bacon.

But he's then moſt terrible in the captain's preſence; let Jove but ſay the word, and ſtreight he begins to execute his judgments, darting his rattan thunderbolt *alle volles*, at the caſe-hardened ſculls of the quaking ſailors.

And yet this ſame tool of his, is but a mere ſugar-

ſugar-candy ſtick, in compariſon to his cat of nine-tails. Cerberus is not more dreadful to the dead, than this cat is to the living; but indeed ſhe's never let looſe, but by order of the commander, who many a time flaſhes a man, out of the ſame itch of fancy that he cats a woman.

But were his call, ſtick, and cat too, all thrown over-board, he yet would diſtinguiſh himſelf by his throat; for no aſs in Chriſtendom brays like himſelf; he varies his notes to the occation, and ſometimes it is ſo unaccountably terrible, that the poor ſimple ſort of tars will run from it, like country dogs from the horn of a ſow gelder.

But a thorough-pac'd ſailor makes a large allowance between his tongue and his ſtick; oaths and horrid threats, are but wind, they cry, and they value no ſuch puffs, if they can but weather a beating.

'Tis that right hand of his, that gets him doubly more than what his ſettled pay amounts to; for almoſt a third of the ſhip's crew are more or leſs in fee with him, making their purſes compound for their heads and ſhoulders.

The truth is, he is a terrible ſcarce-crow to all but thoſe that are in fee with him, and they ſeem to dread him worſe than hell; for they will ſometimes give each other to the devil, but never are they once ſo wicked in their anger, as to wiſh the Boatſwain may take him into his clutches.

He's a damned thundering fellow, that's certain, and oft gives the purſer a fair pretext for his bad beer, alledging, that the Boatſwain ſowers it with his bellowing.

He's as noiſy about trifles as the lieutenant, and it much better becomes him; he ſhall roar forth death and deſtruction about the hoiſting of a water-caſk,

ter-caſk, and makes as much clamour about the dropping of a dog's-turd, as the falling of a top-maſt.

He may boaſt with Cæſar, that he can call every man by his name, for he dignifies all his umbras with the title of dog, rogue, or raſcal; and they will anſwer to it more readily, than if he gave them more Chriſtian epithets.

He has a thouſand pretty phraſes and expreſſions, pickt up at Billingſgate, and elſewhere, which he never ſends abroad without bedecking them with all the embroider'd oaths and curſes that can be had for love or money.

His drinking much flip, makes him woundy ſubject to the vapours; vex him then, and he ſhall ſwell and ſputter like a roaſted apple, and you can no more handle him, than hot cockles.

He has wit in his liquor, that's certain, for tho' he's often tipſy, it's at other mens coſt. He loveth frugality like peaſe-pudding, and hoards up his pence as farmers do muck, to better his copy-hold when the ſeaſon offers. Money, he tells ye, will purchaſe better than a winding-tackle, and is able to hoiſt the heavieſt dunce in the fleet, to the top maſt-head of preferment.

He's a great admirer of good chear, and being a very near neighbour to the cook-room, there's nothing of good can come there, but he ſmells it out immediately, and it will go plaguy hard, if he miſs a ſnack of it.

He meaſures his proſperity by the dimenſions of his corps, and his hopes of preferment ſwell in proportion to his belly. A burly carcaſs he believes a grand qualification, and the beſt recommender to a commiſſion. A lean body in a captain, he thinks as ugly as a lean quarter in a ſheep; and

and he cannot comprehend that fooliſh ſaying, *A tall man in a little body.*

He takes impudence to be a true token of inward courage, and ſaucineſs the proper right of a free-born Engliſhman; and 'tis much eaſier breaking his head, than breaking him of either.

He has pride enough to qualify him for a captain, and often perſuades himſelf he ſhall be one, becauſe worſe Boatſwains than he have come to be ſo before him.

He fancies himſelf the only beſt ſailor in the ſhip, and would have you believe, that ſhe had periſh'd a hundred times, had he been from her; not but that he'll allow his ſuperiors on board, to be tolerably good navigators, and ſo forth. But alas! they want the main point; for ſhew me the gentleman, cries he, that can knot or ſplice, or make a pudding as it ſhould be?

The plain truth is, he's a rare fellow in his way, and a very Buſby in all ſea-language; but rigging is his maſter piece, he ſhall caſt ye a knot, whip ſtitch, in a twinkling, as intricate as the Gordian one; and for a running nooſe, this new Ketch is but a fool to him.

He mortally hates your gentlemen volunteers; 'tis barbarous, he cries, to have the bread thus pick'd from our mouths by little Tom Eſtenors; and wonders why they'll be ſuch blockheads to expoſe themſelves to ſeas and bullets, when they may ſuck their paws at home in a whole ſkin.

He merits a like commendation with the wiſe ſteward in the goſpel, and yet after all, he will tell ye, he's as honeſt a man as any in the navy, diſparagement to no man.

Peruſe his expence-books, and you'd wonder how the devil the ſhip got ſafe home; for he makes

more expences of ropes and canvas in one ſummer's expedition, than a whole Eaſt-Indian fleet in two twelve-months. But all muſt be right and juſt, that's certain, for the captain has ſet his hand to the truth of it.

He muſt certainly believe there can be no ſuch thing as hell-fire under ſalt-water, elſe he would never be giving himſelf ſo oft as he does to the devil; but how frequently ſoever he damns himſelf, he is ſure to damn others much oftner. In ſhort, he's a fellow that will throw away ten times more oaths and ſtrokes in hoiſting out a barge, than in boarding an enemy.

But, zounds, he'll cry, what would you have me do? A man without noiſe, is a thing without a ſoul, and fit for nothing but a piſſing-poſt. And yet, after all his ſputter and din, let him but once reach the mark he aims at, of being Boatſwain to a firſt rate ſhip, and he ſhall ſtreight give out, and become as lazy as an old penſioner.

A SEA-COOK,

HAS been an able fellow in the laſt war, and had been ſo in this too, but for a ſcurvy bullet at La Hogue, that ſhot away one of his limbs, and ſo cut him out for a Sea-Cook. But how diſabl'd ſoever he be himſelf, his mate is a rare ſtick of wood for a furnace.

The captain's cook and he, are oppoſites, as well in their practice as in their habitations, and ſeldom or never make incurſions into each other's provinces.

His knowledge extends not to half a dozen diſhes; but he's ſo pretty a fellow at what he undertakes,

dertakes, that the bare ſight of his cookery gives you a belly-full.

He cooks by the hour glaſs, as the parſons preach ſermons; and will no more ſurpaſs one puncto of time, than a ſcrupulous virtuoſo in the concoction of his ſtomach, or an alchymiſt in the cooking of his grand elixir.

All his ſcience is contained within the cover of a ſea-kettle. The compoſing of a minc'd-pye, is metaphyſicks to him; and the roaſting of a pig as puzzling as the ſquaring of a circle.

Not but that he has an admirable hand in ſqueezing of ſilver from beef-fat; which he does with as much dexterity as a quack does gold from a dog's turd; and tho' the extraction be very groſs, it's yet ſo well refined, that it does not, in the leaſt, ſmell of the kettle.

He has ſent the fellow at houſand times to the devil, that firſt invented lobſcouſe; but, for that lewd way of waſting greaſe, he had grown as fat in purſe as a Portſmouth alderman, and made his ſon ſeven years ago a down-right gentleman.

He's never ſo hungry as to lick his own fingers, nor ſuch a fool, as to wipe them on his breeches; but he ſweeps off the luſcious ſtuff as cleverly as a dairy-maid does her butter, and firkins it too up as carefully.

The purſer (when at a low ebb for butter) helps out his ſtock by a dexterous mixture with the cook's ware; and as for candles, he can never be in the dark, ſo long as the cook has any fat about him, with which he makes lights to lighten the gentiles, to the glory of his ſaving invention.

Tho' ſalt water's the element that ſupports him, yet he can no more live without fire, than a ſalamander: Were this once extinguiſhed, Old Nick

and he might return to *terra firma*, and go a grazing for a ſubſiſtance.

He's an excellent meſs-mate for a bear, being the only two-legg'd brute that lives by his own greaſe; but tho' he be no lean ſcab, yet he's very rarely purſy; and no wonder, for there's near as much ſtuff drops from his carcaſe every day, as would tallow the ſhip's bottom.

Moſt people imagine him a very louſy animal, and yet he's as little moleſted with that vermin as a ducheſs; for that roving tribe being naturally, as ſoon as they can but creep, inclined to travel, are ſure to meet with ſuch fat entertainment in the adjacent territories of his tattered apparel, that, like prudent Caledonians, they never once return again to their native country.

Tho' he's born within the pale of the church, few would think him a Chriſtian, he's ſo wholly given over to the works of the devil; for Lucifer himſelf can never be more buſy that he every day in burning, boiling, and broiling. The real truth is, any one would gueſs him to have been a ſeven years apprentice to the prince of darkneſs; for he is never without a pair of tormentors in his hand, and the devil in his mouth, and his phiz ſo everlaſtingly reeking with ſweat and greaſe, as if he was come juſt piping hot from Old Nick's kitchen.

If ever he prays, 'tis in a morning faſting, and that is to ſome tag-rag, to fetch him a little ſhip-beer; for his tongue and palate are ſo parched, as if he had been all night bed-fellow with Dives. Truly, one ſo eternally toaſting before the fire, muſt needs be very cruſty.

Though he wants cooling breezes the moſt of any, he had rather have one bottle of brandy than

a

a ſhip-load of Stamford air at any time. He ſucks in ſmoak like a Virginia planter, and is every morning hanging his head over the ſanctious ſteams of the caldron, as the wits at Will's do over coffee; which circulating round his cranium, limbecks out at his noſe again, to the great refreſhment of his underſtanding.

Tho' he never wears gloves, his hands are as white as his forehead; yet his chin is very often clearer than either, for he is ſhav'd once a moon, to be ſure; and then his face looks like the lady Luna indeed, in her firſt quarter, the lower hemiſphere of his phiz looking as bright as a clean-ſcoured frying-pan, or the poſteriors of a ſcalded hog, or whiter. But as for the reſt of him, he's all of a piece; the very ſight of him is a breakfaſt to a hungry ſoldier, and his ſmell as good as *aſſa fœtida* to a girl in fits of the mother.

In fine, he's ſo everlaſtingly encompaſs'd with ſmoak, and his face ſo caked over with ſoot, that ——. But hold, adds death, the rogue, with his green billets, has raiſed ſuch a funk in the forecaſtle, that the devil himſelf cannot ſtay to draw him longer; yet he that has ſeen the one, may eaſily know the other, when he meets him, Old Nick and a Sea-Cook being far more alike than a collier —.

A MIDSHIP-MAN,

IS the firſt rate line in a ſhip towards the top-maſt-head of preferment; for all admirals, as well as captains, are obliged to begin their riſe here.

The quarter-deck is his ordinary ſtation, which

In a winter's night he traverſes, hank for hank, a thouſand times over in a watch, without loſing one inch by leeway, provided he be not over-loaden.

'Tis hard to ſay, upon a moderate gale, whether he or the ſhip go faſteſt. When the bell once rings, his cruiſe is over, and he comes to an anchor in Sot-Bay, to re-water.

As he has more grains of underſtanding than a common ſailor, he's allowed more pounds of caſh for it; and yet, at the year's end, there is not a pin to chuſe betwixt their purſes; for he always lives up to the dignity of his character.

He will have no familiarity with any liquor below flip, and contemns every thing that's under linſy-wolſy. He will have a whore of faſhion, tho' he pay for it; and he's ſure to pay for it indeed, for ſilk-petticoats are not to be had for the uptaking.

He enjoys more variety of females, than the Grand Seignior; for from Japan to Mexico is his ſeraglio; but generally, after he has tried all things, he takes up at laſt with the old rule, and holds faſt to that which is good; and truly he rarely fails of being clinch'd to the beſt in Chriſtendom.

Though he be elevated in preferment, quarter-deck height above a foremaſt-man, yet, to ballance accounts, (as all ſublunary things are diſpoſed by weight and meaſure) he's one half of his days depreſs'd under the others feet, being birth'd in that infernal cell, the orlop, where he that can chuſe to live contentedly, need never trouble his head what lodgings are chalk'd out for him in the other world.

He diſtinguiſhes himſelf on a clear day, by carrying

rying a fore-ſtaff; which, tho' not the tenth part ſo long as a Tom T——man's pole, he's yet ten times prouder of it. With this he fancies he does wonders; when, God knows, it amounts to no more but only to ſolve that ſimple queſtion, *Where are we?* which every child in London can tell you.

Tho' he commonly paſſes for a very lewd ſpark, yet he's every now and then correcting his courſe. He muſt needs be a fellow of ſure footing; for ſo diffident is he of his ways, that he won't truſt his own eyes, even at noon-day, but when the ſun ſhines.

But tho' he's more beholden to Sol than a quaker to his inward light, he is yet ſo ungrateful, ill-bred a pimp, as conſtantly to turn his arſe upon that glorious benefactor then, when he moſt of all befriends him.

He's elevated as high as Flamſtead, in his own conceit, and is oftentimes ſhewing you a ſample of his ingenuity. He can prove the purſer a rogue by Gunter's ſcale, and compoſe a bowl of punch by the rules of trigonometry. There is no controverſy but he determines with fractions; and is very often teaching common dunces the rules of diviſion, at his own coſt.

But he values himſelf moſt upon keeping a judicious account of the ſhip's way. If his reckoning in a long voyage, jump with his land-fall, he's as exalted a poor rogue, as that old mathematical conjurer, with his oureke, oureke; and you may cut his ſtones from him at that moment, without any perception.

But, beſides theſe labours of his pen and brain, he keeps a record of all accidents worth obſervation; and to be ſure, all his are weighty notices, when

when he entitles change of winds and weather, remarkable occurrences.

He's weather-wiſe enough to foreſee winds and bad weather, but is never ſo wiſe as to lay up for a rainy day; and thence it comes, that he ſeldom has his coat cut to his cloth, which occaſions him often times to go without a pocket: But to rectify this want, which is his averſion, he turns his ſurtout into a louſy jacket, which turns him afore the maſt directly; for to walk the quarter-deck in *querpo*, is to walk againſt the rules of the navy.

He can no more be without chalk than an ale-wife; and, like her too, is every day given to double-dealing; for every twelve he ſhall count twenty-four, and impudently ſwear you down, that it is no falſe reckoning.

He's one that ſometimes paſſes under the diſcipline of the cane or fiſt; that is, whenever he is guilty of that great ſin of omiſſion, of not giving timely notice of the captain's going from, or coming into the ſhip. One or two rubbers for ſuch a horrid negligence, makes him ever after look as ſharp out to all boats, as conſtables to the vizard-maſks at the play-houſe.

His backward ſtars, and bad weather, puts him often upon curſing his ill-made choice; and yet his beſt friends are apt to tell him, that if he had not tumbled into a ſhip, he had long ago dropt from the gallows.

The beſt of this order, is commonly the worſt in the order. Formerly he had not his fellow; and being tickled on by the gentle ſpur of ambition, performed many pretty actions, and little works of ſupererogation, till finding, at length, that kiſſing went all by favour, he e'en paul'd capſton,

ſton, and turn'd a ſociable ſot, like the reſt of his brethren.

The CAPTAIN's STEWARD,

IS one that will grow as ſour as the very wine he ſells, to find himſelf plac'd at the fag-end of a midſhipman; for he's ſome inches above him in his own conceit.

He values himſelf upon the reputation of being a ſharp fellow, and of turning every thing he fingers into gold. He's a great virtuoſo, that's certain, for he has been for many years a cloſe ſtudent in both univerſities of Newgate and the Gatehouſe; and having at laſt paſs'd his probation at the Old Baily, was, *nemine contradicente*, adjudged a qualified perſon for any of his majeſty's plantations; but conſidering the preſent juncture, and the great need that Europe might have of him, he came to have the navy aſſign'd him for his portion. This is his origin, which ſoon ſprings up to an envied grandeur; for the captain uſually caſting his eye upon him, and perceiving him, by I know not what private planetary marks, to be an engine, form'd as it were by providence, for his uſe, immediately puts him upon probationary eſſays; and finding him anſwer to a t— all the lines of his phiz, he eſtabliſhes him his ſteward directly.

Having thus wriggl'd himſelf into his captain's good graces, he endeavours to fix them, by following his leader in all his paces; which he does ſo exactly, that in leſs than a twelvemonth he obtains that garland of praiſe, *Like maſter, like man.*

Various are the parts his charge conſiſts of; but the

the chiefeſt branch is running of goods, and ruining of ſailors: For theſe, and other ſuch like valuable ſervices, the king is made debtor to him midſhipman's pay, with a farther promiſe of a purſer or gunner's warrant, if not a commiſſion.

But he's too ſtaunch a knave to truſt to vain hopes and fair promiſes; ſo he takes care to make hay while the ſun ſhines, and ſhuffles and cuts with every one that has to do with him.

He's indeed his captain's right-hand, wherewith he performs all his ſleights; and can no more be without him, than a bawdy-houſe without a pimp, or a ſhip without a long-boat.

He's a ſmart fellow at common arithmetick, and ſhall multiply ye pounds and ſhillings, without ſetting pen to paper. He pretends to no ſpherical problems, yet has mathematical magick enough to raiſe himſelf above the world, by the ſingle rotation of a penny.

He has the beſt and quickeſt draught for liquors, of all the other ſutlers; for the tars like beſt to ſhelter themſelves under the ſhadow of his wings, becauſe they know well, that their captain's to be found at the bottom of his accounts.

Tho' he drinks his maſter's health moſt of any, he's the readieſt man living to make him ſick with good liquor. 'Tis a fortunate day indeed, if he gets him dead drunk, for then is the critical minute to nick him.

His maſter does oftentimes feel the rogue bite, and is ready to ſtab him for it; but he ſtands ſtill upon his guard with that two-edg'd cutter, *I do by you as you do by the king; and ſo ſhake hands, brother.*

He makes a great difference betwixt knaves and knaves; a knave of ſenſe, is a man of repute, but

a downright knave is a rogue without any conſideration. Hence it is, that however he tricks his captain in other things, his plate and diſhes are every day forthcoming, for he's reſolved never to be a rogue where he's ſure to pay for it.

He would make an excellent tide-waiter to a cuſtom-houſe, for he has bubbl'd ſo many of them himſelf, that— ; but he's gone—. The captain's bell calls him to uſher in the apple-dumplins, ſo let us e'en turn about, and view honeſt Jack the ſailor.

A SAILOR,

IS a ſharp blade indeed, if kept whetted with good diet; but bad uſage makes him as dull and uſeleſs as an old razor.

The better ſailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himſelf like a ſheet-anchor, to be reſerved for deſperate occaſions; but his lazineſs does not ſo much proceed from his diſpoſition as his diſguſt, for he has been an active pretty fellow, and would be ſo ſtill, were he but fairly dealt with; but, a pox on't, cries he, the uſeful cur's made to turn the ſpit, while my lady's lap-dog runs away with the roaſt-meat.

He troubles not his head with old or new ſtiles, but meaſures his ſpan of life by the moon, and wonders at the ſimplicity of Partridge, and the reſt of them, that ſtint our years only to twelve months. The king (God bleſs him!) is the only almanack-maker for his money, who honeſtly ſtretches them out to a baker's dozen.

His firſt labour in a morning, is to haul open his eye-lids, for it coſts him many a rub with his paws,

paws, before he can make his top-lights to ſhine clearly: After this, and a few hearty yawns, he crawls up upon deck, to the piſs-dale, where, while he manages his whip-ſtaff with one hand, he ſcratches his poop with the other, and gaping all the while aloft at the vane; if he finds it blow fair, he furls his brows, and curſes it's inconſtancy moſt heartily; for there's no voyage to him like that of riding at anchor wind-bound. He loves ſhort voyages, as he does ſhort prayers, and it is hard to ſay which of the two he makes oftener.

He had rather run upon the Goodwin, than run to Jamaica; and believes there is no croſs like the croſſing the equinoctial; for let the old ſophiſts dream as they pleaſe of torrid zones, for his part, he has always found there very cold comfort.

And hence it is, perhaps, he creeps ſo near the ſun in thoſe regions, for he's ſure to ſleep maſt-height above his wonted habitation.

He has a wife, that's certain, tho' he has leaſt occaſion of any man living for one, for he has every thing made and dreſs'd to his hand; and he that cannot be his own laundreſs is no ſailor.

But marry he muſt, becauſe his forefathers did ſo before him, and ſeldom does he miſs of an admirable breeder; for after the wedding-night, he may put up his tools, and be gone, for he ſhall be ſure to find her cackling, tho' he come not home till three years after.

When ſalt water ſeparates them, they prove as good as an annuity to the poſt-office; for tho' ſhe can write no more than a mermaid, yet by the help of ſome twopenny ſcribbler, ſhe will always return him a Rowland for his Oliver.

Their epiſtiles run all in the ſame tone, *Know one,*

one, know all; and truly it's worth your while to read one of them, which you may do without breaking up either ſeals or ſecrets; for 'tis the ſame old ſong of *ſtark love and kindneſs*, which they have pip'd to each other theſe many years, and all lock'd up under a piece of black pitch or roſin.

His whole truſt is on the wind and ſea, that are as inconſtant and treacherous as a woman, and he knows it; but what can a man do, that is link'd to all three by the chain of deſtiny? The beſt way is to look well out, he cries; and truly he truſts juſt to his wife's ſmiles, as he would to a ſmooth ſea; he knows full well, what a change in both an hour can produce.

He can no more ſleep in ſheets, than in a horſe-pond; and put him into a feather-bed, he ſhall fancy he's ſinking ſtreight, and fall to ſwimming all weathers; but ſling him up in a hammock, and he ſhall lie a whole night as dormant as Mahomet hanging betwixt two load-ſtones.

If ever he's troubled with dreams, it's when he's reduced to very ſhort allowance, and then truly he oft fancies himſelf a mauling off the roaſt-meat in Smock-Alley, till unluckily he bites his fingers thro' greedineſs, and that wakes the poor ſlave, who is ready to weep, to find his ſtomach baulk'd ſo confoundedly.

His chief ſtation is that hill of Parnaſſus, the forecaſtle; here he and his brother Jacks lie pelting each other with ſea-wit, and toſs jeſts and oaths about, as thick and faſt, as boys do ſquibs on a coronat on-day.

No man can have a greater contempt for death, for every day he conſtantly ſhits upon his own grave, and dreads a ſtorm no more, than he does a broken head, when drunk. He has met ſo ma-

ny eſcapes, that his mind is grown as callous as his palms, and dreams no more that he ſhall be drown'd, than be damn'd; and yet he may meet with both, when he the leaſt thinks on't.

He looks then moſt formidable, when others would appear moſt drooping; for ſee him in bad weather, in his fur-cap and wapping large watch-coat, and you'd ſwear the Czar was returned once more from Muſcovy; yet he's never in his true figure, but within a pitch'd jacket, and then he's as invulnerable to a cudgel, as a hog in armour.

Nothing makes him droop, like an empty brandy-bottle; whilſt there's any thing in it, he ſticks by't as cloſe as the load-ſtone does to cold iron: Plenty of this, and a Mediterranean ſun, makes him as dry and huſkiſh in one ſummer, as a toaſted biſcuit, to the great diſcomfort of his diſappointed doxy, who finds him more ſapleſs than a ſqueez'd lemon, and as unpalatable to her as chop'd ſtraw in Spain is to an Engliſh mare.

Let him riſe never ſo early, his ſtomach is ſure to riſe with him. His common breakfaſt is a ſalt mouthful, a dry dram, and a pipe of tobacco. Fortify'd with this infernal recipe, he's as inſenſible of our Northern blaſts, as a gun, or a knighthead.

He is not ſo nice as his ſuperiors, whom nothing will go down with, under right Nantz or rum; he ſhall gulph ye down the rankeſt ſtinkibus with as good a guſto as a Teague does uſquebaugh, and not be a doit the worſe for it.

His darling liquor is flip, which makes him as fat as a porpoiſe, and as valiant as Scanderberg. Inſtigated by this courageous hotch-potch, he ſhall make a clear ſtage where-e'er he comes, and box the very main-maſt. This is his ſovereign charm againſt fear in an engagement; the more he

he drinks the warmer he fights, tho', God knows, his ſhots fly all at random.

He's one that is the greateſt priſoner, and the greateſt rambler in Chriſtendom; there is not a corner of the world but he viſits, and yet the poor ſlave very rarely makes one ſtep beyond the ſight of his old habitation; but when he does get aſhore, he pays it off with a vengeance; for knowing his time to be ſhort, he crowds much in a little room, and lives as faſt as poſſible.

His firſt care is, to truck ſome old cumberſome coat or other, for a good warm lining to his belly; and then to be ſure his courage is up, and he muſt have a bruſh with ſome veſſel of iniquity or other. He's ſure to board the very firſt he ſees, carries her ſtreight, without expence of ſhot or powder; but unlucky fortune, that ſhould favour the bold, leaves him in the lurch; for, inſtead of meeting with a purchaſe, he finds himſelf grappled to a fireſhip, who ſets him in ſuch a flame in a twinkling, that all the water-grewel in the univerſe can't ſave him.

He's ſo often us'd to reeling at ſea, that when he is reeling drunk aſhore, he takes it for granted to be a ſtorm aboard, and falls to throwing every thing out at the windows, to ſave the veſſel of a bawdy-houſe.

His furlow is commonly but a night or ſo; and it is well for him it is no longer, for he needs but a week to ſpend a twelvemonth's pay in reverſion. If he has a reverſion clear of incumbrances, it is a wonder, and makes him think upon pay-day much oftener than the day of judgment.

But after long waiting it comes at laſt, and brings him a whole hat-full of money: If he be ſober at the juncture, he's damnably puzzled in

contriving the ways and means how to ſpend it; but if, as he commonly is, elevated with flip, he ſcorns to ſpend one thought upon the matter, but ſtreight, while 'tis yet warm in his cap, fairly ſits down to the cards or hazard, and generouſly throws it all away before ſun-ſet.

If Fortune runs on his ſide, he's yet not a teſter the better for it: 'Tis below him to pocket up gains, he cries, and gallantly throws it about the deck, like hail-ſhot. In fine, while his *mammon* laſts, he's a mad fellow, and is every now and then playing ſome dog-trick or other, for which he is ſoundly bit by a cat of nine-tails; and yet he ſhall have him as proud of the wales on his back as a Holy-land pilgrim is of a Jeruſalem print; ſo that there's no bringing him to his true temperament again, but by ſubjoining the bilboes, with a week's dieting upon Adam's ale and dry biſcuit. This effectually recovers him, and makes him as ſober as a biſhop, which is a convincing proof, that water has far greater virtues in it than we imagine.

He conſtantly ſhuts up the week with a debauch, for he believes it an unpardonable crime to neglect celebrating his wife's memory on Sunday-eve; and of all his ſins of omiſſion, this is the only one that he never is wilfully guilty of; for if he have money or credit, or but a rag to his buttocks, he'll part with all, to purchaſe a ſocking-bout that night, where he drinks to the memory of his concubine ſo heartily, that he quite drowns her in oblivion. It would be a ſhameful ſcandal to go off maſter of his legs upon that occaſion, ſo down he drops at laſt athwart ſome greaſy cheſt, and there lies as dead as a doornail, till raiſed to life again next morning by the dreadful dooms-day ſound of the boatſwain; *Get up, all hands*

hands to prayers, and be damned. Up he gets ſtreight at this, yet with ſuch a reluctancy, as if he was going to be damned indeed.

Thus, betwixt ſleeping and waking, he crawls along to the place of worſhip, where he drops upon his knees or poſteriors, as providence beſt orders it, and falls moſt devoutly aſleep again.

The ſermon being ſhut up, he opens his eyes, for he awakes by a natural inſtinct, whenſoever the boatſwain pipes to dinner; away he marches with a much better ſtomach to his ruſty pork, than to the beſt ſpiritual diet in Chriſtendom.

If he ſprinkle any grace over the platter, it is a plain ſymptom that his maw is out of order; which is a misfortune that rarely befals him: But if he be in his ordinary trim, he begins the attack without ceremony, and neither aſks for grace or muſtard to his victuals.

He proportions his cut of meat to the ſize of his place, and both this and that he champs down together. He is as unacquainted with a fork, as a ſtone-horſe; and while he has a rag to his arſe, he ſcorns to make uſe of a napkin; but if his allowance be very ſhort, he is ſure to lick his paws well before he wipes them on his brecches.

After his teeth are laid, he commemorates the beſt in Chriſtendom (meaning his wife to be ſure) in mortifying gripe-gut beer, and in a can as big and naſty as a piſs-barrel; and yet he takes as hearty a down-hawl as an old bawd tugging at a large rummer of rheniſh and ſugar.

He has fifty cunning ways of raiſing a penny to his own ruin; and all to purchaſe a little ſtinking ſpirits, which yet he buys at double the price of right brandy, and ſometimes dearer. Thus, before he has compleated a ſummer's voyage, he

has ſwallowed down a twelvemonth's pay as glibly as a jugler does a knife, without ever being ſuſpected a conjurer for it.

He's a rare dog under an honeſt commander, and will fight everlaſtingly, if he can but have juſtice at the end of his labours; but to receive all the knocks, and none of the moneys, is the devil, and gripes him worſe than the purſer's wine-vinegar.

Tho' he is a very ſtout fellow, he's nothing of a ſoldier (thanks to his negligent officers); he can no more anſwer to the right, or to the left, than a crab-louſe; but bid him ſtar-board, or port, and he's as quick as an eel; but no man can bring him to face about, ſuch a ſtiff-necked cur is he.

He loves his honour like roaſt-beef, and is ready to ſpend his blood upon any fair quarrelſome occaſion. His hands are ſeldom his own when he's drunk, and yet they become his boſom-friends when he's ſober, for he generally carries them ſtopped within his breaſt, or his pockets; not ſo much to keep his heart, or his money cloſe within board, but out of a pure moral principle of not expoſing his beſt friends, they being the only two he has to truſt to.

It is hard to ſay which he can box beſt, his brother tar, or his compaſs; he's *in utroque magnus*, that's certain, and has both of them at his finger-ends.

But tho' he handles his hands the beſt of any man, he truſts moſt to his head, like all other horned cattle, and does manage it with as much ſkill and force, as any bull or ram whatever. He values it moſt for being bullet-proof; and ſhould it

it give way in ſtaving a but-head, he would not deem it worth the wearing.

If ever he drown, it muſt be with good liquor; for he ſwims like a fiſh in ſalt water, and by much practiſing in hot countries, gets a ſkin not much unlike a red herring.

If you find him with muſtachios, he's certainly a ſize above ordinary in his own conceit; aye, and is fancied ſo too by the women, who wiſely infer, that a ſtiff pair of whiſkers muſt needs ſpring from ſome ſecret ſtiffening cauſe or other.

His thoughts reach not much above the top-maſt-head, and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his eye-ſight. He has ſeen in his days more than enough to have made any thinking creature wiſe and honeſt; but this poor compoſition of beef and oatmeal views all things, as ſheep do the ſtars, or a cart-horſe what paſſes in Cheapſide, without any after-thought or reflexion.

If his breeding has been North of Yarmouth, he is diſtinguiſhed with the title of Collier's Nag; and indeed he is a rare horſe that will never fail you in bad weather, being as inſenſible to rain, cold, or thunder, as a cannon-bullet. He is generally above the common ſize of other tars, in bulk, ſtrength, and courage, which is mainly oweing to his northern diet, which he thinks on with a heavy heart every time he ſees a good coal-fire.

He is a great admirer of North-country beef and peaſe-pudding, yet allows Newcaſtle ale and ſalmon to be the moſt ſuperlative diet in the univerſe.

He's as yare at the hand-lead in ſhoal waters, as a weaver at his ſhuttle; and tho' he ſhould feel himſelf within half a foot of ruin, he'll ſing ye forth

forth his ſoundings with as pleaſant a note, as a thief ſhall a pſalm at Tyburn. In fine, for yard-arm, whip ſtaff, or ſtowing of an anchor, he is the beſt of ſailors; but as to higher matters, he leaves them to deep-read ſcholars; for he has no more notion of navigation than an African of ſnow, or a blind man of colours.

His uſual ſtay abroad is 9 or 12 months; at his return, he looks like a martyr newly riſen from a ſalivation-tub, and has not courage enough to ſend in poſt-haſte for his wife from Wapping; yet the firſt thing he meets with, is a letter from her, congratulating his fortunate arrival, in a great meaſure owing to her ardent endeavours; and aſſuring him, that ſhe has not had one belly-full of ſatisfaction in his abſence.

The next thing he meets with, is his pinch-gut money, which he turns into provender immediately, for he hates to be a debtor to his belly. This, with a little credit aſhore, brings him in gelt again, and then he muſt go to London, tho' he loſe his pay for his labour.

Here he becomes the *primum mobile* of all hurly-burlies, and the terror of the Spittlefields weavers. No muſick-houſe but has his preſence; but of all things, *Hockley in the hole* is the hole for his money; next to this is a public cavalcade, where he makes a helliſh pother, and throws away his hat among the dirty crowd, out of pure extaſy. Thus he lives, till he can live no longer thus, and then off he puts to ſea again, to fiſh for more ſilver.

In fine, take this ſame plain blunt ſea-animal, by and large, in his tar jacket, and wide-kneed trowſers, and you'll find him of more intrinſick value to the nation, than the moſt fluttering beau in it; and yet he's infinitely ſhort of what he has

been

been in the days of Yore, when partiality and ſelf-intereſt were leſs in faſhion.

Our ſhips of war are undiſputably the beſt in the world, and ſo might the ſailors be too; for all depends upon the merit and honeſty of the commander, who models every thing as he pleaſes; and if he valued the intereſt of his country above an ill-got eſtate, he might in one twelvemonth make a man of war the moſt beneficial, auguſt, and delightful habitation in the world.

Whereas this admirable moving fortreſs, erected to maintain the honour, and ſecure the grandeur of our glorious iſland, is, by the ſupine negligence of ſome, and indirect practices of others, grown almoſt a burden to the ſtate, by becoming a kind of peſt-houſe to the moſt ſtrong, active, and uſeful part of the people, who much oftner fall by home than foreign enemies.

F I N I S.